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ABOUT JAZZ
WITH ELLA AND THE DUKE

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MOSS

PLAYBILL

PLAYBOY FIRMLY BELIEVES in the right man for the right job — when we did our piece on hi-fi, we chose John M. Conly, editor of *High Fidelity* magazine, to write it; when sports cars are our subject, we turn to Ken Purdy, acknowledged authority and author of *The Encyclopedia of Sports Cars*; and so on. This month, the line-up of experts is, perhaps, even more impressive than usual:

To bullfighting hipsters, Barnaby Conrad is known as *El Niño de California* (The California Kid). Conrad was a protégé of the storied matador, Belmonte, and fought *el toro* on the same program with his great teacher. The United States' most prolific and most authoritative writer on bullfighting, his writings include the books *Matador*, *La Fiesta Brava*, the recent *Gates of Fear* and a TV play for Jack Palance called *The Death of Manolete*. Owner, operator and piano-player of the San Francisco bistro, El Matador, Conrad also finds time to do a little painting and was once American Vice Consul to Spain — a true example of the Renaissance man in our own day. When PLAYBOY decided to do a piece on bullfighting, it was clear there was only one man for the job. In this issue, therefore, you will find Conrad's *Corrida*. And with it, in a special six page section, you will find a single, spectacular afternoon in the life of a matador recorded by the camera of Mike Shea. Mike has done a number of photo assignments for PLAYBOY in the past (on Janet Pilgrim's trip to Dartmouth, the Gaslight key club, the tunnel painting party), but never one as stirring as this.

"Here's one cat," said Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, "that really knows what's going on." He was speaking of PLAYBOY's Jazz Editor, Leonard Feather, author of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, regular contributor to *Down Beat* and *Metronome*, composer of more than 200 jazz pieces recorded by Eckstine, BG, The Duke, et al. And if that has a familiar ring, it is because we said it all before, when we first introduced Leonard to PLAYBOY readers in January. This month Feather writes about two of jazzdom's greatest talents — Duke Ellington and Ella Fitzgerald — who are also brought together on wax for the very first time this month in a special four LP package, *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Duke Ellington Song Book*, released by Verve.

Poker never had it so good as it has it this issue at the hands of photographer Jerry Yulsman and poker expert John Moss. Yulsman plays out a good humored pictorial on strip poker, while Moss explains the techniques and temperament that make for consistent winning when you're playing a man's game and the stakes are high. Moss is the author of the best-selling *How to Win at Poker*, considered by many to be the best book ever written on the game.

Charles Beaumont (pictured on this page in racing regalia) has never driven in a stock car race ("You couldn't pay me to race a stock car," says Chuck), but he has done pretty well in amateur sports car events driving Porsches, Panhards, Specials and such, and thus has a feeling for competition driving that a non-racing writer could not possibly possess, as you will see in his story, *The Deadly Will to Win*.

PLAYBOY's expert on gourmandise, Thomas Mario, invites us this month to a sumptuous holiday smorgasbord; PLAYBOY's Gift Editor uncovers a cache of Christmas giveables; sexperts Jayne Mansfield and Sophia Loren bare almost all in a lively photographic feature; and there is fictional fun to be had in the reading of Hoke Norris' *City Fables* and Stewart Pierce Brown's *The Button-down Boys in the Frozen North* — selected for your pleasure by our expert Fiction Editor.

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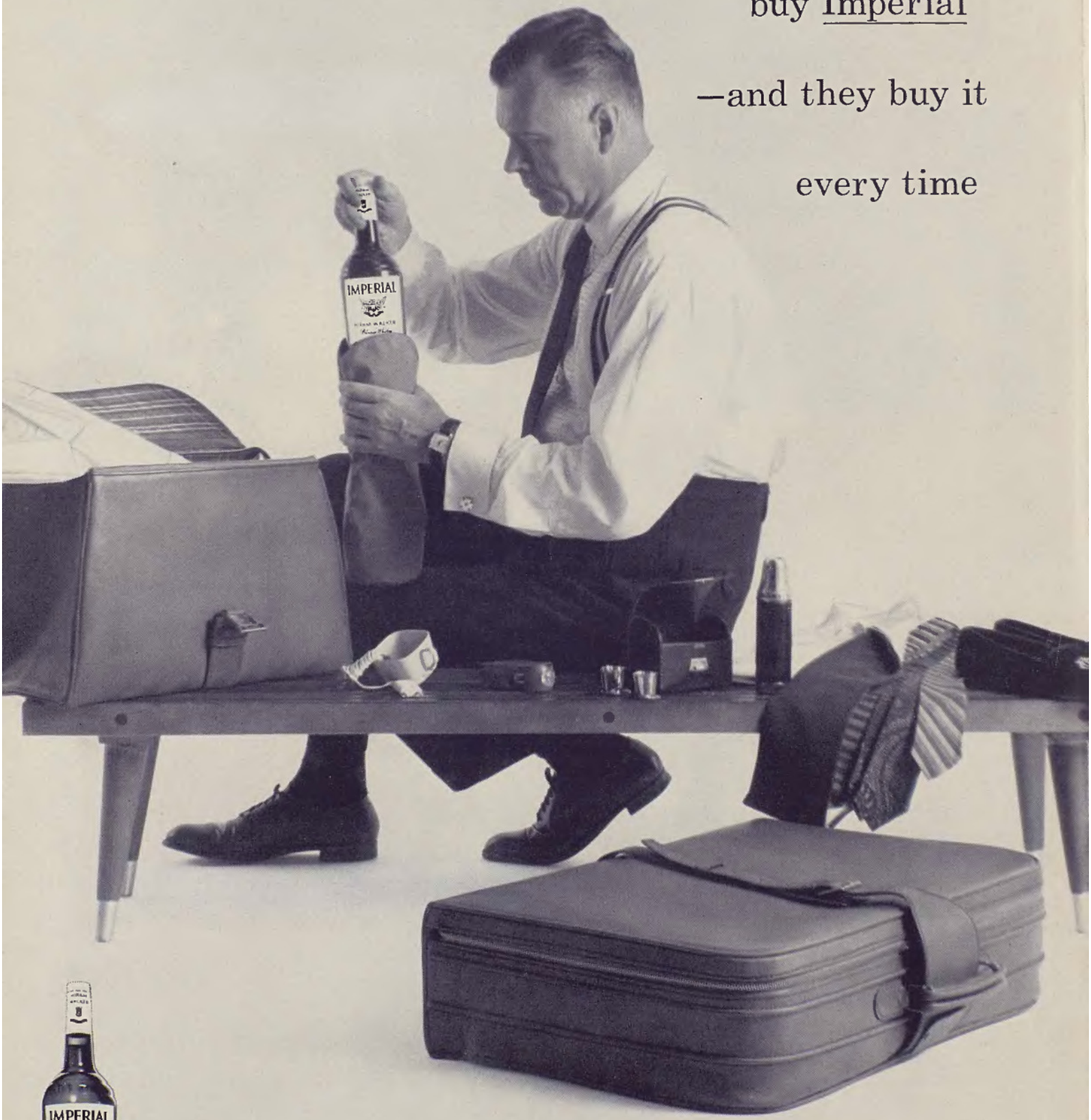

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SWINGIN' READERS

To me, an excellent criterion for measuring the success of any periodical is a view of its readers — not the quantity but the quality. And if *Dear Playboy* exemplifies your followers, your nostrils should be filled with the sweet smell of success. Their comments, whether pro or con, are always delightfully entertaining. They must be a swingin' bunch.

Hank Herring
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

GOOFY GIRLS

Although I have never been fortunate enough to observe, enjoy or date a goofy girl, I definitely dig The Roaring Twenties. Never, however, has an author captured this era with the fondness and understanding of Robert Paul Smith.

PFC Everett S. Aison
APO 24, San Francisco, California

RESPECTABLE PLAYBOY

When I bought the very first issue of PLAYBOY, my enthusiasm was boundless — a down-to-earth *Esquire*, a bachelor's *New Yorker*! After years of reading someone's conception of what I was *supposed* to like, at last I had a magazine that I *did* like. No flat-chested, high-cheekboned women; no recipes for pheasant with bordeaux wine sauce; no lavender waistcoats and pearl gray spats: but, rather, great big healthy women, steak and three button suits. But now, in the fourth year of publication, PLAYBOY is approaching the egghead attitude of that Other Man's Magazine. The gourmet's corner and the fashion plates are becoming intoxicated with themselves. The women are much more warmly dressed and even the wonderful sketches on the Party Jokes page are becoming extinct. Are pseudo-sophistication and false respectability the natural bedfellows of an increased circulation?

E. Barry Lehman
New York, New York

Memory is a funny thing, Barry. The past often seems a bit better than the present, just because it is the past. We took our bound volumes of the first three years down from the shelf this afternoon and compared them with this year's issues. Once we'd overcome the nostalgia — for editing PLAYBOY *has always been a labor of love and each issue completed is like a brief affair ended too soon (which would be unbearable if there weren't a new issue each month to tease and fascinate us in its place) — once we'd fastened those issues with a cold and objective eye, it was clear that each year in* PLAYBOY*'s short four-year history has been considerably better than the one before.* PLAYBOY *has published no more entertaining fiction than "The Fly" (June) and "The Prince and the Gladiator" (September); no more provocative pictorials than "Playboy's Yacht Party" (July); no more provocative articles than "The Pious Pornographers" (October); no funnier satires than "Enter the Handsome Stranger" (June); no more pleasant look at the world around us than that supplied by bearded, wandering cartoonist Shel Silverstein. We checked, rather carefully, the Playmates, too, and though we all have our special favorites of the past, the current crop is as pretty as ever we've picked (and we suggest you peruse the Playmate Review in the upcoming January issue to confirm that).*

YACHT PARTY

Am thinking about taking a yachting cruise. Please tell me how I can acquire a crew such as yours.

Ray Schneider
Rileyville, Virginia

Photographic heaven!

Ian McLaren
Auburn, Washington

One of my friends owns a large cabin cruiser on Lake Michigan, but we have never induced even four *average* looking girls to take a cruise like your yacht party, much less four beauties, as was the case in your story. If your magazine cares to prove this cruise really took place in all of its ramifications, then you may invite one or all of us to the next such outing, *at our expense.*

Jerry Tumber
Indianapolis, Indiana

Holy cow! Now it's PLAYBOY's *Yacht Party*! What next? You guys really work overtime to leave us poor readers frustrated. After those mouth-watering sports cars and that ultramodern Penthouse

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Apartment, I thought you had exhausted your supply of dream fodder. I am anticipating more practical articles from your magazine, such as: PLAYBOY's *Private Polynesian Paradise* or *Print Your Own Paper Money for Pleasure, Profit and Penitentiary.*

John Meinershagen
St. Louis, Missouri

You labeled one of the pictures on page 54 incorrectly. It is Sheila, not Dawn, who is taking off her dungarees, bottom left.

Mark Summers
Boston, Massachusetts

It's Dawn. You need new hornrims, Mark.

You have annoyed me no end. Retiring to the solitude of my bachelor apartment, I settled down with my favorite drink, Scotch and water, and my favorite mag, PLAYBOY. Immediately turning to the yachting pictorial, I gazed with rapture upon the quartet of lovelies gracing the first page. The girls were comely; the photography, excellent. But upon further scrutiny, I was concerned with the lack of any additional shots of Lisa.

Tom Prettyman
St. Louis, Missouri

Your yacht party sure made this confirmed landlubber long for the life of an old salt. Especially with a crew picked for merits, such as Sheila and Dawn. It was an enjoyable trip — even for us who went by proxy — but it's a pity Lisa and Shirley did not take a more active part in the pleasure excursion.

Gordon E. Bosh
Elm Grove, Wisconsin

What happened to Shirley and Lisa after you got under way?

Robert C. Cafferty III
Roswell, New Mexico

Where in hell were Lisa and Shirley?

Rod Somerville
Dallas, Texas

Our noble photographer just couldn't be everywhere at once. He trained his camera where he thought the pictures would be most interesting and where the carefree crew would let him go.

A fine article enhanced by exquisite marine photography. I was enthralled by the crystal clarity of the stunning backgrounds — they actually smacked of the sea. In the future, I think you will find it is really unnecessary to include mere men and women in any pictorial feature when telling a story about a topic so near and dear to the hearts of millions like myself.

Charles Tee
Chicago, Illinois

Millions of what?

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FIVE CARD POKER

Max Shulman has his eye on the ball! As an old "high-lower" with many a battle scar, I especially enjoyed his article on poker. Many's the time, playing Big Squeeze, the same heart-rendering situations described by him have glared back at me from the table top. One thing he forgot to say . . . how it feels when you go the wrong way. To pursue the subject further, allow me to describe a little frolic we call High-Low Piccolo with Two Twists. Each player receives a card face down. The dealer gives the man on his left a card face up. He has the option of keeping or passing it to the next man. If he passes it, he then gets another card which he must keep. And so around the table. The players can refuse the first card whether passed or dealt to them, but they must keep the second. When each man has five cards (one down – four up) it is "twisting time." They may now discard one card and draw another, as in Big Squeeze. But we do this *twice*! To add to the merriment, we play with the joker. It goes with aces, straights and flushes, but it is wild in the low hand. If, on occasion, high-low players are seen mumbling to themselves, I think it can be excused.

Charles Thomas
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

I was a great admirer of Max Shulman until he hung himself in his recent poker article. I play both kinds of poker referred to, and I win consistently (9 out of 10) at both. Shulman's poker requires a greater percentage of luck. For example: in Squeeze (sometimes referred to as Murder), a player going for a low hand might hit an inside straight on the last card and beat the player with three of a kind. My idea of heaven would be seven players who draw to inside straights. Shulman makes a big issue out of what cards to keep or throw away when playing a hand but nothing about the odds of making or missing it! Stud and draw are also games of patience, endurance and psychology. Is Shulman capable of "coffee housing," or does he know what the term means? To set a pattern for an opponent to get accustomed to and then reversing your play at the proper moment for the big trap, is "coffee housing." But according to his article, this play can only be planned and executed by "jerks." If Shulman would like some real action, he may contact my group any time. We would be happy to send a plane for him. Or he might make it under his own power, if he's as big a pigeon as he sounds.

Ronald Goodman
Atlanta, Georgia

Poker buffs will enjoy this issue's tasty text and picture take-out on the game.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

ANYBODY remember Coué? Dianetics? Mah Jong? Pyramid Clubs? Ouija? Fine; attend, please, while we give you in a mere few words the whole story, complete in this issue, of Zen, the new West-Coast-Cool kick which is rivaling green stamps in interest. First off, Buddhism got exported from India to China in the Sixth Century; one form of Chinese Buddhism is known as Ch'an; when the Chinese form got took up in Japan in the 12th Century it got dubbed Zen. It also sparked the flowering of some superb literature, painting and sculpture. Cool jazzmen, Fred Katz and Chico Hamilton among them, took it up very seriously a couple of years ago; since then, a lot of string-alongers have treated it more like a fad than a spiritual discipline. Here's a Zen saying, somewhat capsuled: "To a man who knows nothing, mountains are mountains. When he's studied and knows a little, mountains are no longer mountains. But when he has thoroughly understood, mountains are again mountains." Clear?

A beat cat backtracking to Frisco stopped by to see us a few days ago and gave us a slightly different view of Zen. "See, there's these Zen masters — like priests or teachers. Only you can't teach it — that's part of the deal. I dig Zen real big myself, though. Crazy! Thing is, you gotta ask questions. You ask the wrong question — *Whap!* — the master gives you a fat lip. Pretty soon you get careful with the questions. So it's learning the hard way — so what? So you stop with the questions. The head part gets kinda empty? Right: so that's how you tune in on Zen. From zero, man. See?"

William Barrett, a genuine scholar of Zen, says, "It presents a surface so bizarre and irrational, yet so colorful and striking, that some Westerners . . . fail to make sense of it . . . while others take it up in a purely frivolous and superficial spirit." Right?

Around the 14th Century, the samurai came on real strong for Zen, being especially sent by its rigor and metaphysical subtleties.

Any questions? *Whap!*

•

The Philadelphia Story — continued. Picking up on last month's good-natured poke at America's most soporific city, an ex-Brotherly Love resident has sent along these choice plums: "Philadelphia? Oh, yes, I went there a couple of months ago, but it was closed." Another: "Philly? Sure, I spent a year there . . . last weekend."

•

On a recent swing through the South we met a man with a sad tale to tell, which we pass along for your lugubrious delectation. This chap's family name is Bird, but another, collateral branch of the family spells it Boyd. Furthermore, the Boyds frequently use the first name Bird and the Birds just as often use the first name Boyd. Our man, Boyd Bird, has a remote cousin named Bird Boyd. By one of those coincidences that plague the mind with dark thoughts of a malign fate at work, the cousins happened to be in Brooklyn on business simultaneously. We leave to your imagination the toimurl which ensued.

•

The first gentleman to jump on the PLAYBOY Lifetime Subscription Bandwagon was Tom Dixon of Pacific Palisades, California. Tom just returned from a trip around the world in time to spot our special $150 offer in the August issue, wasted no time in winging his personal check our way. The second was Sammy Davis, Jr., who called from Chicago's Chez Paree, where he was appearing, to request that his name be entered into the illustrious membership. Sammy also remarked that he plans to send a lifetime subscription as a Christmas gift to good friend, Frank Sinatra.

•

The Bear News, a sprightly little poop sheet issued to Windy City pro football fans, carried the intelligence that United Airlines had set up an all-expense winging for Bear buffs wishing to watch their team in out-of-town action. The trip's itinerary, according to the article, includes ". . . a three-day chartered motor coach tour along California's historic mission trail and through the San Fernando Valley — with stopovers at Carmel and Santa Barbara — and two lays in Los Angeles." We assume it's a sell-out.

RECORDS

The Playboy Jazz All-Stars Album (PB #1957) is, in our modest estimation, a shoo-in as one of the most important jazz releases of this or any other year. We say this because the winners of the first annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL who appear in this double-LP package actually constitute a living history of jazz. All the top innovators from every important school are on deck, from turn-of-the-century traditional on up to cool.

Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong gets things rolling on the first side with his delightful delivery of *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?*, then teams with tram-titan Jack Teagarden on *Rockin' Chair*. Next comes B. G. and swing. Benny rides through a crisply swinging item called *When Buddha Smiles*, followed by two rousing tracks by Lionel Hampton and Charlie Ventura. On these last, several non-starring sidemen, runners-up in the poll, add considerably to the doings. Gene Krupa, who placed second on drums, backs up Ventura, while Buddy Rich, third on drums, does the same for Hampton. The Hampton cutting also includes the wizardry of Oscar Peterson

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(fifth, piano), Herb Ellis (fourth, guitar) and Ray Brown (first, bass). Frank Sinatra then puts his remarkable voice to work on *Oh, Look at Me Now* in the style of the early, big-band Forties, just previous to the time he cut out from Tommy Dorsey to embark as a single on the most spectacular singing career in pop and jazz history.

The second side is strictly Stan Kenton and illustrious alumni. Stan's band kicks off with a 1943 cutting of his theme, *Artistry in Rhythm*, and *Harlem Folk Dance*, showing how early the seeds of his progressive jazz were sown. Shorty Rogers follows with a driving, big-band tribute to that most urban of all men's magazines, *Play, Boy!* Shelly Manne thumps out a special track titled *Sophisticated Rabbit* that offers a good bit more solo Shelly than you usually hear on his platters. It would be impossible to pick any real favorite among the 21 separate, star-studded sessions in this album, but Shelly's *Rabbit* is certainly one of the sparklers. Stan Getz comes next with nearly eight minutes of *Blues for Mary Jane*, and Kai Winding, in a trombone quartet, closes the side with the happy question, *Who, Me?*

Ella Fitzgerald opens things prettily on side three with *I Concentrate on You*, followed by Dizzy Gillespie and *Joogie Boogie*. This is funky, big-band Diz, with Gillespie blowing an unusual brand of restrained, muted horn that builds to a tingling climax. Bud Shank occupies the next track and does very right by *Tangerine;* Barney Kessel kicks in with *A Playboy in Love* and J. J. Johnson wails a jaunty *Joey, Joey, Joey.*

The final side delivers more than nine minutes of Brubeck and Desmond with the Quartet playing a potent *Pilgrim's Progress*, a tip of the hat to PLAYBOY's favorite Playmate, Janet. Chet Baker, Ray Brown and Bob Brookmeyer follow in that order with *Band Aid, Bass Ball* and *Bobbie's Tune.* Gerry Mulligan wraps things up with a full take-out on his theme, *Utter Chaos.*

The Playboy Jazz All-Stars Album appears on PLAYBOY's own label, with the complete cooperation of the entire recording industry. As a result, it probably boasts more jazz greats than any other previous package produced by a single record company. Profits from the sale of the album revert to the individual record makers and jazz artists. The album also includes a reprinting of the poll results from last February's PLAYBOY, plus photos, brief biographical sketches and current LP discographies on each of the winners. The price of the package is $9, and it may be purchased at most record shops or ordered through the magazine.

Couple of issues back, we went off the deep end in a rave notice for the young Russian violinist, Leonid Kogan, and

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VERVE RECORDS

for his masterly handling of Brahms. Accordingly, we welcomed a copy of his latest record, Beethoven's ***Sonatas for Violin and Piano*** (Vanguard 6029), in which he performs Numbers 1 and 3 from Opus 12, accompanied on piano by Gregory Ginsburg. But we wondered, as we started it spinning, whether the man who could handle the rich romanticism of Brahms could deal with the more cerebral and complex Beethoven. Our question was soon answered, happily: Kogan spares us the all-too-frequent florid virtuosity affected by other maestri, gives these brilliant, youthful sonatas a felicitous and musicianly rendition which leave us more than ever convinced he's one of this generation's finest.

•

Johnny Mathis' second LP, ***Wonderful, Wonderful*** (Columbia CL 1028), is just that from first tune to last, and substantiates fully what his debut platter (*Johnny Mathis*, Columbia CL 887) only hinted at: that young, ex-San Francisco club singer Mathis is well on his way toward a top niche in vocaldom. Versatile, wide-ranged Johnny tackles a ballad or an up-tempo show-stopper with equal ease, comes through your Bozak with one of the most satisfying styles heard in recent years . . . Old hipster Woody Herman, who has wisely eschewed the use of his clarinet of late, exercises husky pipes alone on ***Songs for Hip Lovers*** (Verve 2069). Woody belts a packet of standards, while in the background can be heard the intelligent answering cries of Bill Harris' trombone, Charlie Shavers' trumpet, Ben Webster's tenor, among others.

•

As if this month's release of the fabulous *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Duke Ellington Song Book* were not enough (it's on Verve 4004-4, and you can read about it in this issue), the Ellington band can also be heard on ***Such Sweet Thunder*** (Columbia CL 1033), dedicated to the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ontario, which had Duke on tap a while back. Each of the 12 original tunes was inspired by characters and/or situations from the Bard, and at least 10 are fascinatingly successful both as program music and as typical Ellingtonia. Our favorites are Clark Terry noodling his horn as Puck, Paul Gonsalves and Johnny Hodges as Romeo and Juliet, and Cat Anderson almost literally blowing his top as Hamlet. For our four groats, it's intriguing, worth-owning big-band jazz.

•

Take Tchaikovsky, melt him down, strain off all the sentimentality and self-pity, distill and refine him until you isolate his best elements (passion, fertility, energy, drama) and what you end up with will probably be very close to Dmitri Shostakovitch. Like Tchaikovsky,

There's always a Playboy!

"You may have a shield, Anthony, ...but you ain't got protection!"

¶ "Lower that gangplank, Cleopatra!" shouted Anthony. "Let's get this love affair on the road. History is waiting!"

¶ "History's going to keep on waiting, too," snapped Cleo, "unless a certain Roman around here smartens up. You may be fit for a battle, Tony, but fit for a boudoir you're not!"

¶ "My personal habits, sweet Cleo," said Anthony, "are not what they were. This small green bottle* has wrought a change in my life. In the morning I simply squeeze it, give myself a quick spray, and I'm the nicest Roman to be next to on this side of the Nile. Now, lower that gangplank."

¶ "Sure thing, Tony," murmured Cleopatra, "I'm feeling pretty fresh myself. Come on up and I'll peel you a pomegranate. We mustn't keep history waiting!"

*.*The small green bottle, of course, was Mennen Spray Deodorant. Ends body odor. Checks perspiration. Real he-man aroma. Romans swear by it.*

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Shostakovitch is a Romantic; like him, too, he is a builder of orgasms in sound — pantings and thrustings and near-intolerable pressures that are relieved at length with Roman-candle showers of music; like him, again, he is a reacher, a striver toward some unidentified, unattainable bullseye in the sky. Four years ago, Shostakovitch (then 47) completed his ***Tenth Symphony,*** in E Minor, Op. 93, recently waxed by Efrem Kurtz and the Philharmonia Orchestra of England (Victor LM 2081). The symphony is changeable, almost manic-depressive in its shifts from brooding to feverish passion to lighthearted *nichevo* and back to brooding again. It's major Shostakovitch: searing, soaring music; and the vivid, label-curling Kurtz reading demonstrates beyond the slightest silhouette of suspicion that Efrem digs Dmitri.

•

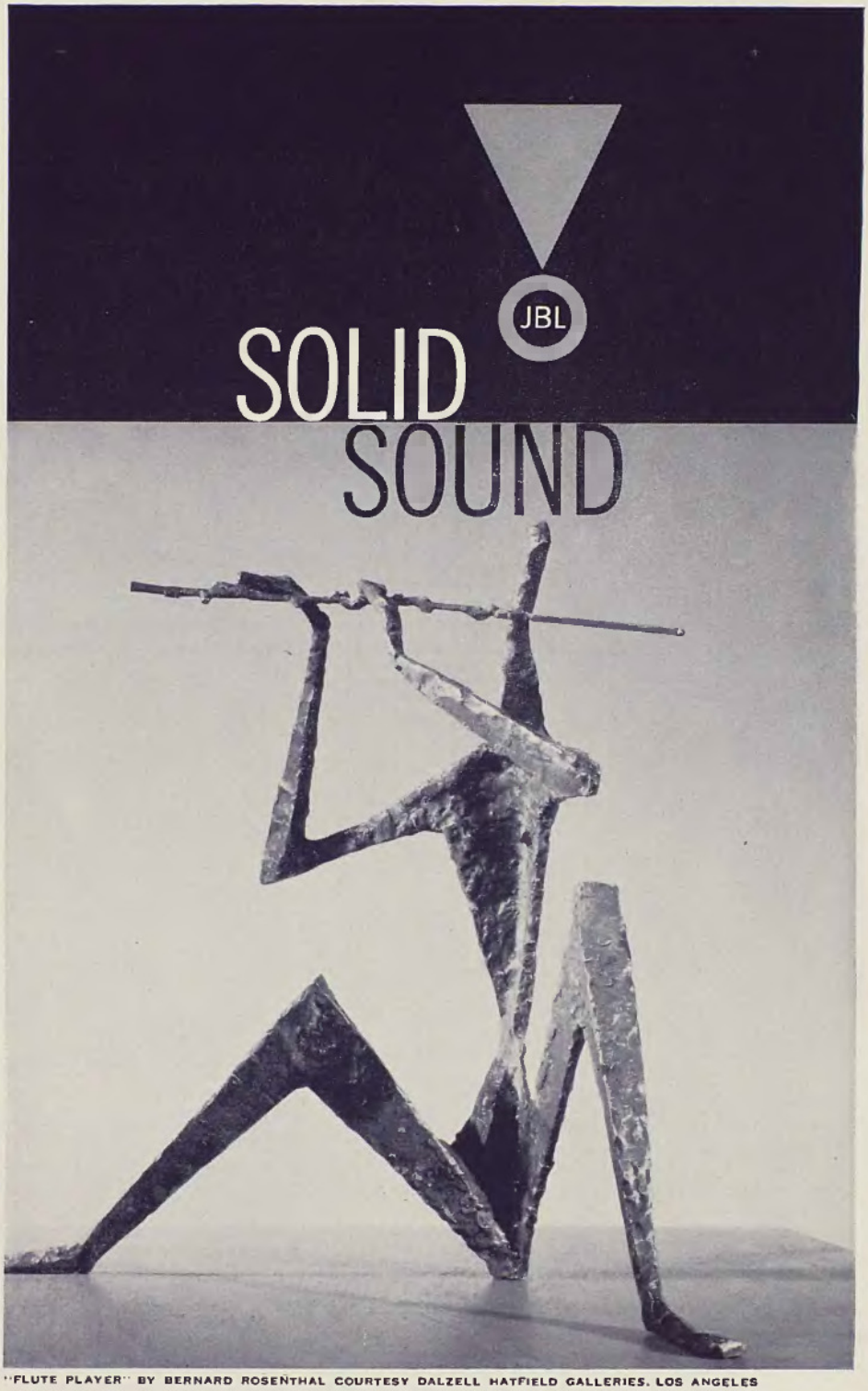
When Clifford Brown died in an auto accident last year at the age of 25, he was well on the way to high ranking among the generation's trumpet greats. His playing enjoys bounteous exposure on ***Clifford Brown All Stars*** (EmArcy 36102), a disc which gives an entire side each to *Caravan* and *Autumn in New York. Caravan* is fluent, fancy, frantically fast and sometimes pointlessly noisy; *Autumn* is a beautiful, take-your-time, unstinting exploration of this fine oldie. The session was cut in L.A. in 1954.

•

On the face of it, a parcel of 17th and 18th Century alehouse "catches" sung by a quartet of males and entitled ***The Restoration Sophisticate*** (Concord 4003) might seem a natural for the bon vivant's platter stack. And, if it were not for the pallid voices of these barbershoppers and the sameness of these Row-Row-Row-Your-Boat-type tunes, maybe the occasional saltiness of the words would strike some as making the record worthwhile. "Adam catch'd Eve by the furbelow" will perhaps be considered by giggly girlies as the zenith of naughtiness; the *double entendre* in "You may come in and kiss. Her whole estate . . ." is sure to provoke snickers in certain quarters; and we must admit the comparison of a virgin to green kindling wood is rather engaging ("So fares it with the tender maid When first upon her back she's laid; But dry wood, like the experienced dame, Cracks and rejoices in the flame"). For our part, though, these ditties work too hard stating and restating a lot of things we're perfectly willing to concede, such as: "When a woman that's buxom to a dotard is wed, 'Tis madness to think she'll be true to his bed."

FILMS

Hollywood doesn't have to look far for good story material: the lives and



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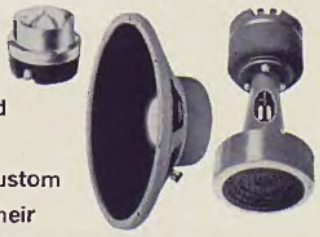

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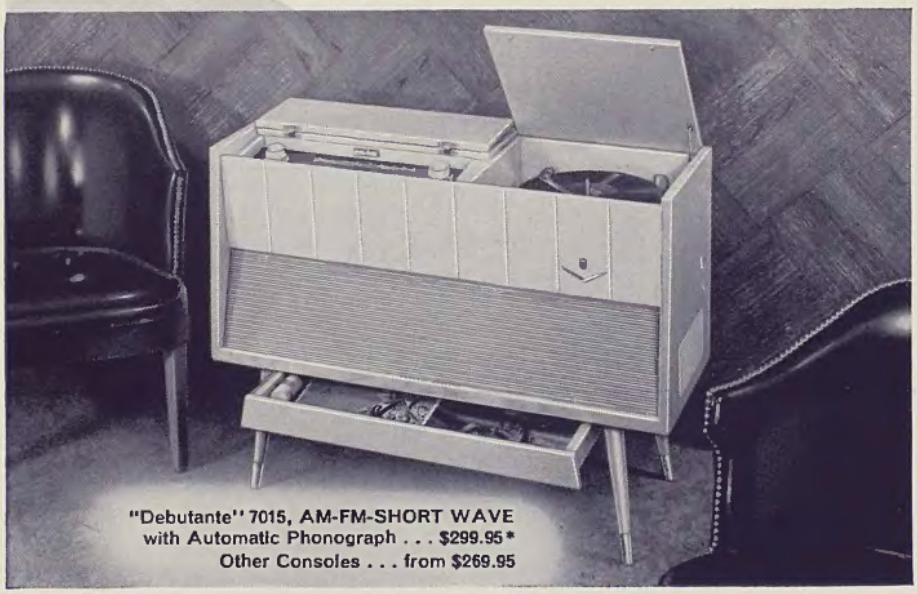

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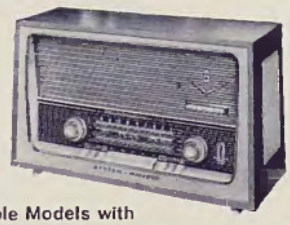

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careers of some of its own fabulous personalities. Unfortunately, the several timid attempts in this direction (the screen bios of Valentino, Buster Keaton, Jeanne Eagels, etc.) have so compromised the truth as to be grotesque. Not so the filming of Lon Chaney's life, ***Man of a Thousand Faces,*** with Jimmy Cagney as the mordant master of make-up. It is an engrossing saga that encompasses everything from Chaney's long and variegated pre-screen career in vaudeville right up to his throat-cancer death at 47; between these poles came a notable succession of triumphs as Hollywood's foremost exponent of macabre characterizations. The son of deaf-mute parents, Chaney was also harried by marital woes with his first wife; he exploited his own physical "un-handsomeness" by pushing it to extremes in the bitter roles of Quasimodo in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, the paralytic in *The Miracle Man* and the memorable title role in *The Phantom of the Opera*, among so many well-remembered others. Cagney is so sympathetic in the Chaney part that one must mark it as a success.

•

Not nearly so successful is ***The Sun Also Rises,*** from the Hemingway novel. Except for a single characterization, that of Mike Campbell, played by Errol Flynn with surprising credibility, the opportunity to portray human beings is entirely muffed. The story, of course, concerns the empty, futile lives of a bunch of American and British drifters in post-World War I France and Spain who guzzled their way through endless rounds of love in bedrooms, *pernods* in Paris and *fundadors* in Pamplona. We have Ava Gardner as hot-pants Lady Brett trying to quench her desire for impotent Jake Barnes (Tyrone Power). We have Mel Ferrer who plays a brooding Robert Cohn without ever understanding him, and we have Eddie Albert as dim-witted "comic relief," Bill Gorton. To cap it all, the film substitutes the promise of a rosy future (for Jake and Brett) for Hemingway's stark and uncompromising original, which offered no hope at all for the star-crossed expatriates. But, although the film by no means attains the stature of the book, it is still the best movie made of a Hemingway novel to date. And the wide-screen color photography is potently pretty throughout.

•

A trio of musicals does much to brighten the current scene. ***Les Girls*** flaunts the experienced hand of director George Cukor in every department. With music and lyrics by Cole Porter and starring Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, Kay Kendall and Taina Elg, it employs a device from the film *Rashomon*: spinning a yarn from several points of view, all different. In each, Kelly is the pivot in a triangular love match, but the roles of the girls are

neatly exchanged. Done with great bounce and gusto, raffishly danced and played with wry humor by Kelly and wicked satire by Kay Kendall, *Les Girls* boasts nearly every virtue of a top musical – cleverness, wit, tasteful opulence – everything except a catchy score. This time, however, it doesn't matter. Intelligence and originality have more than compensated, while the verve of the writing (by John Patrick from a story by Vera Caspary) could have served *Les Girls* as a straight farce comedy without one bar of music.

•

The Pajama Game, lifted practically intact from stage to screen (save for the risque *Jealousy Ballet* and the substitution of Doris Day for Janis Paige), is every bit as noisy, strenuous and fun-filled on film as it was in the flesh. Eddie Foy still gets his low comedy laughs and hyperthyroid Carol Haney still kills you if you're susceptible to her deadly kind of charm. We are. George Abbot, who staged it originally, co-directed the film version with Stanley Donen, Hollywood's latest fair-haired musical magician, and their touch is wizard.

•

Pal Joey was a tougher nut to crack. To get the meat out of this one, a smart studio would have stuck pretty close to the now classic stage version and the corrosive original stories by John O'Hara that inspired it. Joey's got to be an unmitigated heel, for all his fatal charm, but Columbia Pictures turns him into a sentimental Joey-boy with gruff exterior and heart of gold. The stage version left Joey the same unregenerate bounder at the end as at the beginning, after going through Mrs. Simpson, Linda English, et al. In the movie, he winds up tied to Linda English. Too bad. Besides, a piqued-looking Rita Hayworth is no match for bumptious Vivienne Segal as the predatory Mrs. Simpson, nor is Kim Novak an acceptable fill-in for June Havoc as Linda. Only Frank Sinatra, in the title role, gives the film some snap, even though his part is a far cry from the tart and acrid original. A number of ditties and almost all of the dances have been jettisoned, too, though most of the best-remembered songs are still in evidence (*Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered,* among others) along with several sizable chunks of the cynical dialog. But for all its surface toughness, the movie *Joey* has, in the words of William James, "a squashy texture"; hard on the outside, soft as mush inside. Still, if you're one of the luckless ones who missed the diamond-hard stage version, this adaptation will at least give you an idea of what all the shouting was about when *Joey* graced the boards. And even Broadway couldn't come up with a better *Pal* than Sinatra.

•

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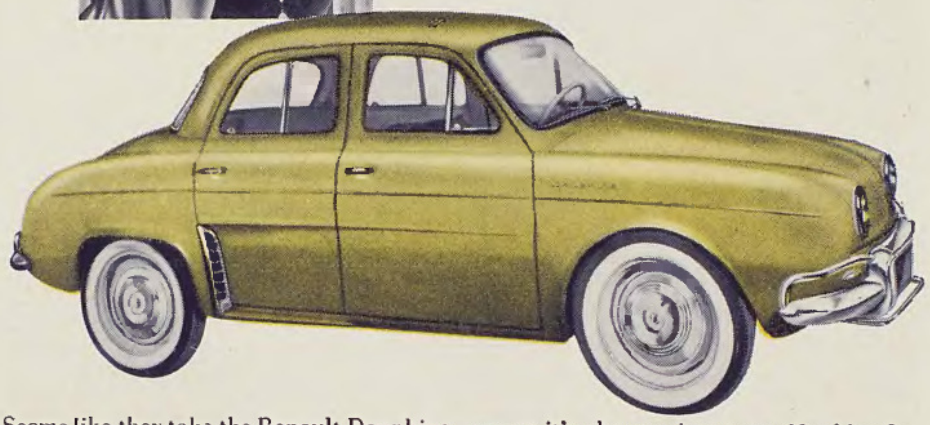

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Among the new imports: ***The Roots,*** from Mexico, offers a vignette foursome about Mexican Indian life and as raw and powerful a job as you could hope for; ***Marianne of My Youth,*** from France, a poetic idyl of young love that is almost an anachronism in our age of cynicism, exquisitely filmed by the great Duvivier; ***Mitsou,*** from France, another Colette story a la *Gigi*, baring the heart of a young girl and filmed with devastating psychological insight by top female director Jacqueline Audry; ***Mlle. Striptease,*** from France, starring Brigitte Bardot, who pyramided a little girl's pout and a big girl's figure into a dazzling career, in a pile of persiflage compounded of equal parts of beating around the sexual bush, in a Paris *boite* specializing in amateur strip tease contests, and slapstick, in, of all places, the Balzac Museum. Bountiful, bracing Bardot saves an otherwise yawny film.

DINING-DRINKING

In a low, one-story building in the heart of San Francisco's Tenderloin district, a nightly amalgam of goateed hipsters, Montgomery Street junior execs and University of California undergrads alike, dig the cool and carefully calibrated sounds of modern jazz at the ***Blackhawk*** (200 Hyde Street). For a solid decade, this dim-lit hipster's hutch has throbbed to the West Coast's most *avant* sounds, those disseminated by the likes of Stan Getz and Gerry Mulligan. The atmosphere is casual, the customers don't mind the door charges (which range from 50¢ to $1 a head, and are a not-so-subtle rating of a performer's popularity), the booze is drinkable, and the waitresses don't push too hard. Dave Brubeck, who got his start there, makes it his GHQ on the Coast, and blows weekends at the club on and off throughout the year. Among the innovators expected this fall are Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, Max Roach, Brubeck and the Modern Jazz Quartet. The Blackhawk is open from nine P.M. to two A.M. Tuesday through Saturday, with a Sunday afternoon bash, starting at four P.M., that offers a look at the local cats.

BOOKS

The New York Times once described Richard Maney as "perhaps the most articulate and best-known living theatrical press agent." As usual, the *Times* was not exaggerating: Maney's ***Fanfare*** (Harper, $4.95) is a joyfully prodigious barrage of recollections by the undisputed king of what jokesters have labeled the second oldest profession —

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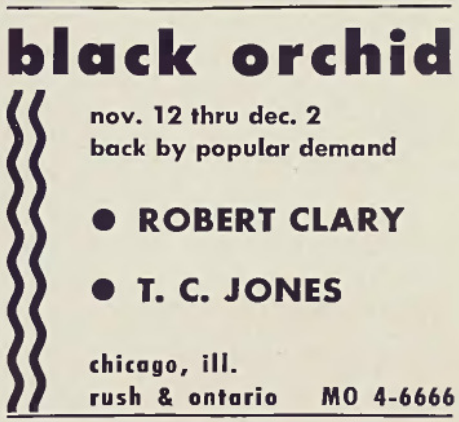

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pressagentry. Manhattan show biz is tipped on its ear as Maney draws on 33 years of experience during which he has hymned the praises of 250 shows, some of which had runs as long as three years, some as short as three hours. One of Maney's favorite pastimes is tripping up the critics. During opening night of a turkey called *The Squall*, the ingenue had this line to read: "Nubi good girl. Nubi stay?" Reviewer Robert Benchley reported the play to his readers with: "Benchley bad boy. Benchley go." Capitalizing on the *mot*, Maney sparked his advertising with, "The play that made a streetwalker of Robert Benchley." The smell of grease paint is on every page of *Fanfare*, often coupled with the odor of strong waters. After a description of a wet weekend in Mexico with Lee Tracy, the author blithely observes: "It must not be inferred from the alcoholic scent of this canto that all theatre folk find surcease in the sauce. It's just that I find the company of tipplers less trying. Tallulah makes better copy than Katharine Cornell." When Maney, in a syndicated article, quoted the question which ended Sherman Billingsley's TV chat with Admiral "Bull" Halsey ("Admiral, tell me. What year did you graduate from West Point?"), he promptly joined the roster of notables barred for life from the Stork Club. No matter, says Maney, who magnificently recalls and applies Bernard Shaw's admonition: "Always take your work seriously, never yourself." A must-read book.

•

Jack Kerouac's second novel, ***On the Road*** (Viking, $3.95), is a far-out tale of a cross-country romp by two articulate members of the "beat generation." Hipsters to the hilt, they live life furiously — hitchhiking, stealing, loving, digging cool jazz, and yakking. The narrator is Sal Paradise, who wants to be a writer, and the hero is Dean Moriarty, a conning but lovable bum who is all nerve ends and perception. There is much drink, all kinds of dope, there are poets, jazzmen, whores and plenty of sex. "Now wouldn't it be fine if we could all get together and have a real gone goofbang together with everybody sweet and fine and agreeable, no hassle, no infant rise of protest or body woes misconceptalized or sumpin?" asks Dean. "Ah! But we know time," answers Dean. A sad lot, they cover their confusion and rootlessness in a mad search for kicks; their enemies are the complacent ones in control, the smug representatives of law, society and morality. Dean finds them deadly dull, each with a need to "worry and betray time with urgencies false and otherwise, purely anxious and whiny, their souls really won't be at peace until they can latch on to an established and proven worry." At yarn's end, everyone comes apart at the seams like Dean,

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or starts to settle down like Sal, and the reader who has stayed on through the whole crazy mess realizes that "nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rage of growing old . . ." Nevertheless, *Road* is a disturbing book, a sharpie's travelog full of literary *Weltschmerz*, jazz slanguage and the frenetic doings of a bunch of sensitive, pathetic — but interesting — cats.

•

At one point in his lively and witty polemic attacking the shibboleths and cannons of big administration in business and government, Professor C. Northcote Parkinson, author of ***Parkinson's Law*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), points a trend in modern popular anthropology. Once, he says, there were savage tribes which could be examined for material on their sex lives and superstitions. But most of these hunted aborigines have taken to singing missionary hymns in self-defense. Next, there were the poor — to be dogged with tape recorder and camera, but that's old hat now. Remain the rich: a fertile field indeed, as Lynes, Whyte, De Vries, Shulman and others have discovered. It's a cute point and furthermore it explains the popularity which this slender volume will enjoy. For it is an interesting fact that the entrenched rich are secure enough to derive a morbid and masochistic amusement from the spectacle of their own exposure to ridicule and even abuse. Those who roar their anger are a crusty few; the usual response is a ruefully appreciative chortle.

Parkinson's Law states that administrative personnel will increase at a fixed rate which has nothing to do with the work that gets done. Sounds far fetched, but the good prof proves his point with historical and statistical evidence. With cool impudence he also attacks and demolishes cabinets and directorial boards, parliaments, finance committees, entrenched third-rateness, the snide protocol of the administrative cocktail party, and methods of personnel selection. His approach is fresh, didactic, lethal, witty. He commences with the assertion that all books on his subject which have so far been written are merely harmless — provided they're classified as fiction. From there on out, it's murder all the way.

Last March, *Fortune* published the title chapter of this book as an article. Big executives gleefully distributed reprints to their underlings, a calculated bit of attrition tinged with sadistic malice. Now those same underlings can have the last laugh, for the rest of the book keelhauls the bosses in a way which makes *The Organization Man* seem a dulcet love tap by comparison. Robert Osborn's accompanying illos complete the mayhem.

•

Barnaby Conrad's ***The Gates of Fear*** (Crowell, $7.50) is a heady excursion into tauromachian lore, legend, history and romance. The author of *Matador* (and of PLAYBOY's account of a fabulous bullfight in this issue) delves into the mystique of the art, discusses the psychology of toreros, quotes and paraphrases dozens of authorities, and takes the reader on a guided tour of many of the world's bull rings. Great names of *la fiesta brava* receive their share of tribute and analysis; the gossip and the superstition which surround the sunflecked arenas are nicely blended with descriptions of combat; and over 75 drawings and photos supplement the text, which is mercifully short on technicalities and not infrequently rises to poetic heights.

•

Those who have been yowling that Angus Wilson is a genius are set for a fresh bit of evidence: his volume of short pieces, ***A Bit off the Map*** (Viking, $3.50). More like a character vignette than a story, each piece ambles along the English scene with neither dramatic attack nor any recognizable shape, yet the pathos and sensitivity evident everywhere are almost Chaplinesque in their appeal. We were particularly held by a tidbit titled *More Friend than Lodger*, a portrait of an ambitious publisher who tries to snare the output of a rising young author, an out-and-out rake, by setting him up as a lodger in his home. The publisher's wife embarks on a fling with the charmer, and, when the author is eventually exposed as a fraud, returns to her unsuspecting husband feeling mighty noble about her role in the episode. That's all. Then there's the title piece, which explores the post-war London phenomenon, The Teddy Boys, those crazy, mixed-up kids who strike out at everyone. These experiences come to no climax or conclusion, for Wilson's literary microscope is poised over minutiae, and the specimens are scrupulously examined but not yet classified. If you dig that sort of craftsmanship, you'll agree that Wilson's a fine writer, maybe a genius; if not, you'll call him a bum.

•

The fine science of using endorsements and testimonials to sell goods and services gets a thorough exposure in ***The Big Name*** (Printers' Ink Books, $3.75) by William M. Freeman, Advertising Editor of *The New York Times*. "What's in a name?" Juliet asked. Judging by this book, which lifts the curtain on some unhidden persuaders at work, the answer is, "Plenty of profit and pelf." A candid and sometimes chilling primer — fully documented and with case histories — of the fine science of name-dropping the consumer into a docile and compliant trance, in which he murmurs over and over, "Me too, me too, me too."

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PLAYBOY

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THE DEADLY WILL TO WIN

fiction **By CHARLES BEAUMONT**

buck larsen was a racing man—and a warrior of the old, old school

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CHRISTIANSEN

HE HAD BEEN DRIVING for 11 hours and he was hungry and hot and tired, but he couldn't stop, he couldn't pull over to the side of the road and stop under one of those giant pines and rest a little while; no. Because, he thought, if you do that, you'll fall asleep. And you'll sleep all night, you know that, Buck, and you'll get into town late, maybe too late to race, and then what will you do?

So he kept on driving, holding a steady 70 down the long straights, and through the sweeping turns that cut through the fat green mountains. He could climb to 80 and stay there and shorten the agony, except that it had begun to rain; and it was the bad kind that is light, like mist, and puts a slick film on the road. At 80 he would have to work. Besides, you have got to take it easy now. He thought, you have got a pretty old mill under the hood, and she's cranky and just about ready to sour out, but she'd better not sour out tomorrow. If she does, you're in

a hell of a shape. You know that all right. So let her loaf.

Buck Larsen rolled the window down another three inches and sucked the cool, sharp air into his lungs. It was clean stuff, with a wet pine smell, and it killed the heat some and cleared his head, but he hated it, because rain made it that way. And rain was no good. Sure, it was OK sometimes; it made things grow, and all that; and probably people were saying, by God, that's wonderful, that's great — rain! But they would feel different if they had to race on it, by Christ. It would be another story then. All of a sudden they would look up at the sky and see some dark clouds and their hearts would start pounding then and they'd be scared, you can bet your sweet ass; they'd start praying to God to hold it off just a little while, just a few hours, please. But it would come, anyway. It would come. And that nice dirt track would turn to mush and maybe you're lucky and you don't total your car out, and maybe this is not one of your lucky days and the money is gone and you don't have a goddamn thing except your car and you make a bid, only the rain has softened the track and somebody has dug a hole where there wasn't no hole a lap ago, and you hit it, you hit that hole, and the wheel whips out of your hands and you try to hold it, but it's too late, way too late, and you're going over. You know that. And nothing can stop you, either, not all the lousy prayers in the world, not all the promises; so you hit the cellar fast and hope that the roll bar will hold, hope the doors won't fly open, hope the yoyos in back won't plow into you — only they will, they always do. And when it's all over, and maybe you have a broken arm or a cracked melon, then you begin to wonder what's next, because the car is totaled, and they'll insure a blind airplane pilot before they'll insure you. And you can't blame them much, either. You're not much of a risk.

He shook his head hard, and tried to relax. It was another 60 miles to Grange. Sixty little miles. Hardly nothing. You can do it standing up, you have before; plenty of times. (But you were younger then, remember that. You're 48 now. You're an old bastard, and you're tired and scared of the rain. That's right. You're scared.)

The hell!

Buck Larsen looked up at the slate-colored sky and frowned; then he peered through the misted windshield. A bend was approaching. He planted his foot on the accelerator and entered the curve at 97 miles per hour. The back end of the car began to slide gently to the left. He flicked the wheel, eased off the throttle, straightened, and fed full power to the wheels. They stuck.

Yeah, he said.

The speedometer needle dipped back to 70 and did not move. It was fine, you're OK, he thought, and you'll put those country fair farmers in your back pocket. You'd better, anyway. Maybe not for a first, but a second; third at worst. Third money ought to be around three hundred. But, he thought, what if the rain spoils the gate? Never mind, it won't. These yokels are wild for blood. A little rain won't stop them.

A sign read: GRANGE-41 MILES.

Buck snapped on his headlights. Traffic was beginning to clutter up the road, and he was glad of it, in a way; you don't get so worried when there are people around you. He just wished they wouldn't look at him that way, like they'd come to the funeral too early. You sons of bitches, he thought. You don't know me, I'm a stranger to you, but you all want to see me get killed tomorrow. That's what you want, that's why you'll go to the race. Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you. I really am. That's why I ain't popular: I stayed alive too long. (And then he thought, no, that isn't why. The reason you're not popular is because you don't go very good. Come on, Larsen, admit it. Face it. You're old and you're getting slow. You're getting cautious. That's why you don't run in the big events no more, because in those you're a tail-ender; maybe not dead last, but back in the back. Nobody sees you. Nobody pays you. And you work just as hard. So you make the jumps out here, in the sticks, running with the local boys, because you used to be pretty good, you used to be, and you've got a hell of a lot of experience behind you, and you can count on finishing in the money. But you're losing it. The coordination's on the way out; you don't think fast any more, you don't move fast; you don't drive fast.)

A big Lincoln, dipping with the ruts, rolled by. The driver stared. I'm sorry, Buck told him. I'd like to die for you, Buddy, but I just ain't up to it; I been kind of sick, you know how it goes. But come to the track anyway; I mean, you never can tell. Maybe I'll go on my head, maybe I'll fall out and the stinking car will roll over on top of me and they'll have to get me up with a rake. It could happen.

Buck steadied the wheel with his elbows and lit the stump of his cigar. It could happen, OK, he thought. But not to me. Not to Buck Larsen. He clamped his teeth down hard on the cigar, and thought, yeah, that's what Carl Beecham always said: you got to believe it'll never happen to you. Except, Carl was wrong; he found that out — what was it? — four years ago at Bonelli, when he hit the wall and bounced off and went over . . .

He tightened his thick, square fingers on the taped wheel. He pulled down the shutters, fast. Whenever he'd find himself thinking about Carl, or Sandy, or Chick Snyder, or Jim Lonnergan, or any of the others, he would just pull a cord and giant shutters would come down in his mind and he would stop thinking about them. They had all been friends of his. Now they were dead, or retired and in business for themselves, and he didn't have anyone to go out and have a beer with, or maybe play cards or just fool around; he was alone; and you don't want to make a thing like that worse, do you?

So I'm alone. Lots of people are alone. Lots of people don't even have jobs, not even lousy ones like this.

He told himself that he was in plenty good shape, and did not wonder — as he had once wondered — why, since he hated it, he had ever become a race driver. It was no great mystery. There'd been a dirt track in the town where he grew up. He'd started hanging around the pits, because he liked to watch the cars and listen to the noise. And he was young, but he was a pretty good mechanic anyway so he helped the drivers work on their machines. Then, he couldn't recall who it was, somebody got sick and asked him to drive. It was a thrill, and he hadn't had many thrills before. So he tried it again.

And that was it. He'd been driving ever since; it was the only thing he knew how to do, for Christ's sake. (No, that wasn't true, either. He could make a living as a mechanic.)

So why don't I? I will. I'll take a few firsts and salt the dough away and start a garage and let the other bastards risk their necks. The hell with it.

The rain grew suddenly fierce, and he rolled up the window angrily. For almost an hour he thought of nothing but the car, mentally checking each part and making sure it was right. God knew he was handicapped enough as it was with a two-year-old engine; it took all his know-how to find those extra horses, and still he was short. The other boys would be in new jobs, most of them. More torque. More top end. He'd have to fight some.

Buck slowed to 45, then to 25, and pulled up in front of a gas station. He went to the bathroom, splashed cold water over his face, wiped away some of the grime.

He went to a restaurant and spent one of his remaining six dollars on supper.

Then he took the Chevy to a hotel called The Plantation and locked it up. The rain gleamed on its wrinkled hide, wrinkled from the many battles it had waged, and made it look a little less ugly. But it was ugly, anyhow. It had a tough, weathered appearance, an appearance of great and disreputable age; and though it bore a certain resemblance

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"Sorry, we have no reference books on sex at present, was there anything in particular you wanted to know?"

PLAYBOY on POKER

by JOHN MOSS

POKER IS A GAME played by men for blood. There are variations, of course, because anything so democratic and universal is bound to take many forms. But the basic game is the blood game. And by this I mean that the stakes must be high enough to cause pain to a heavy loser. This may sound cruel, but it is absolutely essential if the game is to supply the tension and excitement which poker alone can provide. If you can't afford the stakes, don't play, because the knowledge that you can't stand to lose is sure to affect your play unfavorably.

Good poker players are made, not born—so there is hope for us all. And if you ask what are the qualities of a first-rate player I would reply by describing the poker-personality of a man who has won entirely too much of my money—Dave Garroway.

Garroway's outstanding characteristic is self-discipline. He never does anything without a reason. Calculating, unemotional, a realist, a convincing dissembler—he never beats himself. Like every player he has his bad nights (if you know a man who *never* loses, avoid him: he's cheating), but he is never the cause of his own downfall. With Garroway you have the sense that everything is going along just fine and your queens-up are going to win with ease, and then about the time you're counting the pot for the third time and imagining yourself sweeping it in, there's Dave with a neat little straight he had on the first five cards.

It wasn't modesty that kept him from raising. He waited until his fourth up-card seemed to wreck him and everyone was relaxed. Then he was set. Then there was the bland, casual, slightly bored, slightly confused manner and the harmless, diverting small talk—all designed to soothe you, quiet your suspicions, rock you to sleep—and the next thing you knew Dave was dragging in your pot.

Garroway is evidence of my argument that the best poker players are amateurs. The pros play a cold, precise mathematical game, taking no chances, but their play lacks boldness, flavor and imagination—the very qualities with which Garroway's game abounds.

If you want a fast, foolproof rule-of-thumb for spotting a good poker player, try this: a good player never loses heavily on bad cards, but the average player invariably does. The night the good player dreads is the one when he holds good cards that just aren't good enough . . . because skill cannot lessen the disastrous consequences of running second-best all evening. But the good player can and does protect himself when he holds poor cards.

it's skill that wins in draw, stud or strip

ACE poker players frequently find their attentian wandering when they attempt the variation known as strip. Cards and an opponent of suitable dimensions, with a chilled drink to refresh the fevered brow, are among accoutrements that keep the game moving in a proper direction. **TWO** can play the game for whatever stakes they've agreed on, but the rules of classic poker should be followed, as in this case. A full house wins the first hand for the young lady's opponent.

THREE jacks give the gentleman another hand and his companion pays off accordingly. She doesn't really need that shoe to play the game anyway — and he didn't need that extra jack handily tucked up his sleeve.

FOUR jacks, the lady figured, couldn't be bettered. But five of a kind make a compelling array, so she pays again.

FIVE aces, now! This man's obviously championship material and is rewarded by collecting a pair of hose. It may have occurred to his friend by now that all's not according to Hoyle, but she carries on. **SIX** face cards to choose from — how can he miss? The lass on the losing end suggests a switch to stud. **SEVEN**-card stud it is, then — but what's this? The dealer's peeling them off the bottom of the deck. **EIGHT** hands later the dastardly facts become known: our hero's been cheating. But who would trust to luck when playing for stakes like these?

The average player, on the other hand, loses on both occasions, and when it is his night to win he never leaves with as much as he should. He is an intelligent, sensible chap in other respects, you may be sure. He would never dream of undertaking anything involving that kind of money in some other line without knowing what he was doing. Yet he blithely plays poker, losing too much too often, and consoling himself with the thought that poker is largely a matter of luck and he just isn't lucky.

And this is his first mistake. Poker is not largely a game of luck, as he believes, but a game of skill in which the element of luck is of no importance. On any given night a player may indeed be lucky. He may draw to a pair and fill, time and again. He may catch in the belly and hit two card flushes all night long. But you can depend on it, the next time it will be another man's turn, and in the long run the cards will average up with a mathematical precision that is fascinating to observe. If the same men play regularly for three months, the man who is furthest ahead at the end of that time will be the best player . . . and to find the worst you have only to look for the biggest loser. Were it not for its being a game of skill, poker would long since have passed out of the picture in favor of the faster action of the crap table.

But before going into the strategy and tactics of winning poker it is necessary to define the particular variety of the game under discussion. Social poker is, in effect, poker for fun. The crazier the game the greater its appeal, for the stakes are so low that no one can get hurt, and the talk is so constant that no one can think. The pot is always light because the players are talking so much they don't hear the call to ante. But no one really cares, for poker here serves the function of background music at a party. To see the game perverted to such profane ends pains the good player, and he will not participate, even under protest. To him, social poker is like Platonic love: it is best reserved for those incapable of anything stronger.

Then there is the sort of poker advocated by Max Shulman in these pages last August. These players assert they are *tired* of classical poker and want to try something different. Thus we have low-ball, high-low, no-peek, and any number of other weird variations—including one in which status is given such picturesque-sounding hands as big dogs and little dogs, big tigers and little tigers (i.e., busted straights and flushes). Well, those who play these games are tired all right, but what they're tired of is losing at

regular poker. And so they have devised these other games, most of which have the implicit purpose of reducing the amount of skill required to win. No one gets "tired" of winning. Any man who takes pride in his ability to play and who enjoys testing that ability against his peers will agree that the three basic games of five- and seven-card stud and draw are quite enough. Some purists even ban the seven-card game, though it seems to me to be in many respects the ideal limit-poker game. Draw, on the other hand, is better suited for the table-stakes bluffing game than for limit-poker, for it seldom creates pots of the size provided by either of the stud games.

But—stud or draw—the topic of this discussion is the blood game.

And before going to the heart of the matter, this word of advice: don't play more than four or five hours at a session. Beyond that your mind will be dulled, causing you to play automatically and thus to surrender your natural advantage as a superior player. All cats are gray at six A.M.

If you don't know whether you're slowing down, try remembering your hole-card with only one look. When you find you have to keep peeking to remember what it is, you've been playing too long. Your reflexes are gone. Get out—even if you're stuck—because if you go on you'll be stuck just that much more an hour from then.

There are, I believe, two basic strategic approaches—one defensive, one offensive. Let us suppose that you are one of six players in a game. Your chances of winning any given hand, then, are one in six. This is important. You know from the beginning that you cannot expect to win every other hand, or every third or fourth hand. To play every hand through to the end would be ruinous, and so we infer the first principle: *Get out as early as possible in all hands you don't figure to win.*

This means a good deal more than simply dropping out immediately when you have nothing. Even some of the fish do this every now and then. It means (assuming you are strong enough to see another card or two) that you must get out the moment a realistic appraisal of all the hands reveals that someone else has a better chance of winning. A grave defect in many players is their inability to evaluate their cards realistically. Poker is a game of skill *because* the fall of the cards is determined by mathematical laws of probability. Yet a player who knows this perfectly well loses his sense of proportion when he considers his own cards. "I thought I would catch," he explains, having tried and missed. But he tried and will keep on trying because – like a horseplayer – he remembers only his winners. The memory of a hundred busted flushes has conveniently (and perhaps mercifully) passed from consciousness; but the time he made a fantastic catch of the case eight to win a big pot – *this* memory is evergreen. And as he considers staying on to the bitter end with his possible flush, this memory causes him to respond like a punchdrunk fighter hearing the bell.

Stay? Of course he stays—it's all he can do to keep from raising.

Here is an example: you are playing a hand of seven-card stud. Six cards have been dealt so far, and you hold four spades. The two other stayers show four spades between them, and two of the three players who dropped out earlier had a spade up. (To have noted this last is important; average players don't keep track of the cards closely enough.) The active players against you in this hand show pairs. One of them bets and the other calls. Should you stay?

Well, there are three spades unaccounted for, and there are 24 cards in the deck. Your chances of catching a spade are one in eight. The money odds if you win will be slightly better than two to one (for one man who dropped out saw the fourth card). In the circumstances the only possible play is to fold immediately. Unless your hand has other values, such as a high pair, you should not consider paying for that seventh card. Get out! Save your money for a hand when the odds are in your favor.

There will be times, of course, when your spade comes in. But in the long run you must lose if you persist in making this play. The possible flush is naturally tempting, but poker is not a game of sentiment. And this is to say nothing of those times when you make your flush only to learn (paying liberally for the privilege) that someone else has filled his two pair. When this happens you may throw in your hand in disgust and bemoan your bad luck, but the fact is that you had no business staying around in the first place.

This poker game you're in is not a benefit being conducted on your behalf. It is a highly competitive affair, and each man is out to win the other players' money—but to win it while strictly conforming to the rules of play. No good player would be so lacking in a sporting sense as to use any dubious or dishonest means of improving his chances, because this is entirely contrary to the whole spirit of the game. If you can't win on ability alone, either improve your ability—or don't play.

A really good player is also one who carefully observes the etiquette of the game. The subject of poker etiquette is large enough to warrant a separate treatise, but this much can be said here: a good player always bets, folds or raises in *turn*. He remembers at all times that this is a game involving money and that he has a responsibility to the other players as well as to himself. A very bad offender is the player who makes a one-card draw to a straight or flush, misses, and immediately throws in his cards, indicating that he missed. Suppose you are sitting with two small pair between the opener and a one-card draw. One-card fails to catch and tosses in his hand at once, whereupon opener bets. He made a second pair and has aces-up. Ordinarily he would have checked to the one-card draw, not wanting to risk a raise if one-card hit—but this prohibition is removed when one-card folds. Opener bets with confidence, and you are forced to call a round of betting that would have been checked out if one-card hadn't folded out of turn.

Bet, fold or raise *in turn*—and when you are holding your cards with the expectation of dropping out when your turn comes, do not indicate by your manner or words your intention of folding. This is simple respect for the rights of the other players.

The psychological aspects of poker are infinitely varied. I am not one of those who feel that a man stands completely revealed at the poker table. But there is no doubt that a man's essential personality is exposed when he sits down to play. Poker is as revealing as perhaps any other single activity he engages in, for it calls forth so many of his basic qualities: intelligence, greed, guile, charity, patience and sense of fair play. If you know someone who becomes a different person at the poker table the chances are that the poker personality is closer to the true man.

Applying our first principle: in draw, fold immediately unless you have openers or better. (Exception: stay with a four-flush or open-end four-straight provided there are already enough callers to assure you of money odds equal to the odds against your making the hand. Your chances of flushing are 9/47—about one in five; for a straight, 8/47—about one in six. If you hit, the pay-off should be at similar rates.)

Otherwise, you should fold if you don't have openers. To stay with a small pair is bad poker. You know that at least one stayer has you beat going in, and his chances of improving are just as good as yours. This is all you need to know to get out.

Moreover, opener may have more than the prescribed minimum, and if this is the case it will be that much harder to beat him. You will lose enough times when you have a legitimate call. Don't add to your grief by staying around when you should get out.

If you pay good money to draw to inside straights only a psychiatrist can

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The Buttondown Boys in the Frozen North

movie making in greenland is not as easy as eskimo pie

fiction

By STEWART PIERCE BROWN

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN an Eskimo wearing a pink oxford-cloth shirt? Well, shield your eyes going through Greenland, friend – pink buttondowns are hotter than mulled glögg up there right now.

It began last January. On one of those rare days when being Fowler & Hawkes' television producer seemed better than life on the sheriff's Honor Farm, after all. That morning I'd screened our latest film for 4-T-Fy, the Toothpaste That Strengthens Your Teeth *Four* Ways. Then I had lunch at Pipp's, including three deep-dish martinis, with a smashing 38-24-37 just back from Hollywood (Miss Scotch Tape of 1955 but her voice was wrong for pictures). As I strolled back downtown, Madison Avenue never looked better.

Three days later I was up to my Countess Mara in snow and over my head in trouble.

The oatmeal hit the fan the minute I got back from Pipp's. The U.S. Air Force had just commissioned the agency to do a training film on survival on polar ice. I was to have a production crew ready to leave Saturday morning for Norstadhoven Air Base on Greenland.

Survival on polar ice. Me, who can't crack out ice cubes without getting frostbite. Not only that, Old Man Fowler wanted the finished film by the 15th of next month! A whole day to build Rome.

"Ah, but remember what February 15th is, MacClure!" he said, smiling the smile that can split a client's budget at a thousand yards. I remembered, all right: on the 15th we were making our pitch for the Federal Auto account, up for grabs for the first time in 10 years. "This film could do it for us. The F.A. boys are nuts for realism. You won't have to fake a thing. Real ice, real snow – real realism!"

"But *four weeks* . . . !"

The Old Man upped the voltage of

"Don't touch that lens!" screamed Zabukover.

his smile. "Mac, Federal Auto bills almost 30 million. With an account like that in the shop, we'll need a vice-president for TV. I've been watching your work lately and, frankly, I've been impressed . . . "

He purred on. Visions of Jaguars danced in my head. I made one last feeble effort: "There's snow in Central Park now. We could — "

His smile snapped off. He made a noise in his throat. The same noise he makes at Plans Board meetings. It means, All those opposed signify by handing in their resignations.

So it was buckety-buckety, off to Greenland.

I picked my crew fast. Naturally I started with Ted Pennoyer. Not only have we been doing the Damon-and-Pythias bit since college, but as a director he's the greatest. And he needed the extra money — bad. His wife has a brother who's 100% job-resistant and for years Ted has been pouring dough into the guy's get-rich-quick deals. The brother-in-law's latest — instant champagne mix in a plastic bag — produced more troubles than bubbles, so now Ted had to raise a few quick thou to keep the whole family out of jail.

For a cameraman, I tapped Mikur Zabukover, a wild Viennese with a waxed mustache. Mike had a weakness for hard liquor and soft women, but he worked fast and turned out sensational pictures. Liaison between Air Force and agency was Bert Timmer. From black horn-rims to attaché case, Bert is Central Casting's dream of an account executive, complete with Charm Kit and a head full of pressed lint.

All told, we had a crew of 25 at Idlewild Saturday morning. Everybody was hungover, looking putty-colored in the early light. The uniform of the day was half misfit cold-weather gear, half unpressed Madison Avenue. Cameras, generators, cables — painted bright red for better visibility in the snow — were strewn all over the field. Bert kept running around with his clip-board, calling out names and checking people in. It began to snow just as we took off.

Ted and I watched New York pivot under the banking wing. He looked pretty grim. "Cheer up, Junior," I said, "there'll be *bags* of money for all if we get this moom-pitcha in the can on time."

"Thank you, Norman Vincent Peale. Only I happen to need my money *now*." His voice sounded strained.

Bert stopped at our seats. "Papers all in order? We don't want any foul-ups administration-wise at Norstadhoven."

"Life is too much papers!" Mikur snorted, behind him. He clicked his heels and drained off a paper cup of un-iced Scotch. "To life!" he breathed soulfully, then went weaving up the aisle.

"Didn't take *him* long," Bert muttered. "Got a breath on him like tractor exhaust."

"It's better than dramamine," Ted said, tossing down his magazine and going forward to join Mikur's party.

Bert slipped into the empty seat. "What's with him? He's being un-Tedlike."

"He's got worries."

"He'll have more if he tries to outdrink Mike."

The plane droned north. There was nothing to see outside. I watched the frolic up front. Ted didn't miss his turn with the firewater once. Money, I decided, was a hell of a thing.

Especially when you didn't have it.

• • •

Ever been in Greenland?

Nothing.

It isn't green and it isn't land. Just ice and snow. And wind. The kind with teeth. It cut right through us as we stepped off the plane. I could see our four weeks shrinking like a dollar shirt.

A crowd of Eskimos gathered to watch our gear being unloaded. One of them, a blocky, stocky character with a fire hydrant neck and a forehead that sloped back like a Volkswagen hood, stepped up to me with a big grin. "Hi, Joe," he said, holding out his hand. I shook hands with him. It was like reaching into a stone crusher. With his other hand he fingered the collar of my shirt. It was one of the pink oxfords I'd packed as a gag. "Nice," he said.

"Great. Glad you like it. Any chance of getting my fingers back?"

He dropped my hand, grinned again, then picked up my bag.

"Looks like Uk Luk's appointed himself your valet," a voice said. I turned to find a white man in an Air Force parka. "I'm Colonel Nesbitt, the C.O. You MacClure?"

"Right. From Fowler & Hawkes."

"Good. Let's go around to my place. Uk Luk'll take your bag to your room." Uk Luk widened his grin, stroked my shirt once more, then took off for the officers' quarters assigned to our crew. "I'd keep that shirt locked up while you're here, if I were you," the Colonel advised.

In his quarters, he poured me three fingers from Johnny Walker's Do-It-Yourself Warming Kit and Greenland began to look a little greener. He filled a pipe for himself and got right to the point. "You may have trouble while you're here, MacClure, with a man named Pesdorff. I just want to tip you off."

"Pesdorff?"

He nodded. "Russian agent in Norstadhoven. So far, we haven't been able to pin anything on him. We keep him off the base, of course, but he gets the natives to do his dirty work for him. Slips them a few bucks to pick up items of interest every so often."

"So? What item of interest have we got?"

"A-67-R," the Colonel said. I looked blank. "New U.S. secret for arctic survival. Combined food and vitamin capsule that maintains body temperature and supplies nutrition. They'll be used in your film. Pesdorff would love to get his hands on a few."

I tossed back a stiff one. Four weeks with obstacles, yet.

"One purpose of the film is to field test these capsules, so they've got to be the real thing. Besides, I understand you people don't want any fake stuff."

"Perish forbid," I said, thinking that phony pills would be just the kind of thing the fly-speckers from Fed Auto would raise hell about. I assured the Colonel we'd use the real thing, thanked him for the Scotch, and left, feeling a lot worse than when I arrived.

Ted was stretched out on the bed in my room. "Who's your friend?" he asked. It was Uk Luk, sitting on my suitcase. He stood up with that big grin of his. "Hi, Joe."

"Hi, Uk Luk." I took the bag and started to unpack. "He's the deep-freeze Jeeves," I explained to Ted. "Great kid, only don't shake hands with him."

"Nice," Uk Luk said suddenly, his face lighting up like a pinball machine. I had taken out another pink shirt.

"Oh, and another thing — he's queer for pink shirts." I smiled at Uk Luk. "Thanks, Champ, that's all for now." With a last wistful look at the shirt, he left.

"A winner," Ted said. "A real winner."

After I unpacked, I told the gang Colonel Nesbitt's story.

"Ah," Bert said wisely, "so that's the way the puck slides."

"Russian swine!" Mikur snarled, then hiccoughed loudly. "They murdered their own czars!"

"'The Cloak-and-Dagger Boys in the Arctic!'" Mike's assistant said, "Oh, boy, what keen adventure!"

"This isn't adventure," Ted said, "it's business — for cold, hard cash." I saw Bert glance at him strangely.

"OK," I said, "the Air Force does the spy-chasing. We're here to make pictures. Let's concentrate on getting that answer print back in New York by the 15th."

"Trumpet fanfare and out," Bert said and the meeting broke up.

When they'd gone, Ted lay staring at the ceiling. He looked like a man thinking hard. After a long time, he swung himself to his feet. "Come on, let's go down and check out the town."

(continued overleaf)

Playboy's Christmas Tree

totables for travelers

Top row: Schiaparelli Snuff toiletries including after-shave, talc, hair groomer, shave cream and deodorant, in leather traveling case, $12.50; and the Cyma travel alarm in saddle-stitched pigskin frame, $32.50. **Second row:** Majestic's portable, automatic four-speed phonograph with 8" coaxial speaker system, weighs only 22 lbs., $129.95; rattan portable beach chair with stowage space beneath, $20. **Third row:** Hartmann's matched alligator luggage, overnight case, $675, station wagon bag, $675; Hickok's traveling flasks in a cowhide pouch, $4.95; Royal portable typewriter with fiberglass carrying case, $131.95; the sportsman's seat case, with aluminum legs that telescope into a zipper compartment that holds books, cameras, or potables, $28.95; Bushnell Rangemaster binoculars, extra wide-angle 7 x 35, with case, $135; Hickok cowhide travel case, with accessories, $10; Rolf's waterproof travel case, $5.95; handmade Italian traveling slippers in form-fitting pouch, $22.50. **Bottom row:** traveling game chest, poker chips, cards, dice shaker, etc., $30, and a hand-tooled card box from Italy, $17.50; Pentron hi-fi tape recorder, $209.95.

Buttondown Boys *(continued from page 30)*

Norstadhoven was Squareville times 10. A line of dirty shacks, bleeding with neon, every third one a bar. If you left Main Street, you had it. We fought the wind a while, then ducked into the nearest groggery. "Where the hell do they get the name *Green*land?" I complained, shivering.

From the bar behind me a voice answered, "Blame it on the weather-cycle, friend."

He was a great big guy with a cigar. He grinned. "Just in from the States?"

I nodded. "This afternoon. What's this weather-cycle bit?"

"Every 900 years it gets warmer," the big guy said, laughing. I didn't get the gag, but I laughed. So did Ted. The guy had the kind of laugh that takes you right along with it. "This place was probably like Central Park when the Norsemen named it."

"You live here?" Ted asked.

"Yeah, if you can call it living," he said and this time we roared. He filled us in on Greenland and we stuck around, laughing and drinking and generally enjoying ourselves, for the rest of the evening. He was quite a boy.

The next morning when we were all at breakfast, Colonel Nesbitt told us we'd been boozing with Pesdorff. That rocked us. "But he looked like an American," I said.

"And talked like one," Ted added.

Nesbitt nodded. "Some Russians do. Besides, this guy lived in the States for a while."

"Well," I said weakly, "we didn't actually *tell* him anything."

"A guy like that's clever, though," Bert said uneasily. "He'll toss the corn down just to see which hens peck at it."

I felt like Benedict Arnold. Ted looked like he was thinking hard again.

After breakfast, he and I got hold of Mikur before Mikur got hold of a jug and the three of us set out in a jeep to find a shooting location. It took us all day but we finally found a good spot about four miles from the base. Next morning we took a dozen A-67-R capsules – the damn things were classified and we had to sign out for them – and moved the crew and the equipment out there to start filming. Naturally, everything went wrong. It always does, the first day. Only in Greenland your chances are better. For one thing, the camera kept freezing up. The Air Force's special lubricants were about as much help as bubble gum. Then the cold shorted one of our mobile generators. And every few minutes the dolly wheels had to be thawed out. Result: we logged less than 800 feet by lunchtime. February 15th began to look like tomorrow afternoon.

Bert came out during lunch, in a Weasel with an Army driver. I told him our woes. He clucked sympathetically, then gripped my shoulder hard. "Stick with the ship, Skipper, I know you can bring her in." The Weasel spun around and headed for the base.

"Neck-wise, he gives me a pain," Ted said.

"What ship he means?" Mike asked through his frozen mustache.

"Never mind," I sighed. "Let's make movies."

The cold continued to cream us. Only Uk Luk, and a couple of other Eskimos we'd recruited to help out the crew, were really functioning. In fact, Uk Luk was having himself a ball. He was fascinated by the camera. He couldn't leave it alone. Mike had to kick him off the carriage every 15 minutes.

"If he ever touches that lens, we'll have the first Austro-Eskimo War in two seconds flat," Ted said.

Right on cue, Uk Luk twisted the Mitchell's focusing ring. You could hear Mike scream over in Iceland. Uk Luk jumped as though he'd stepped on a branding iron. He backed away from the camera while the other Eskimos giggled and scuffed the snow. Mike examined the lens like a nearsighted jeweler. "Crazy foreigners!" he grumbled.

At which point, the wind blew over our reflector tower. That did it. We called it a day. And you know what kind we called it.

I returned the unused A-67-R to the security officer. He noted down the exact number of capsules the men had taken, then locked away the leftovers I gave him as though they were solid uranium.

Back in my room, I was just mixing myself a drink when Bert came in. He wore one of those I-hate-to-tell-you-this-*But* looks. "Just saw Ted downtown," he said very confidentially, "having a drink again with that guy, Pesdorff."

"Relax. Everybody drinks with Pesdorff. Martini?"

"No, thanks. Just thought I'd throw this on the floor and let you walk around it. See you at dinner."

I didn't do any walking around it. Ted knew what he was doing, I told myself. Bert worried too much. I just drank my martini.

Our shooting schedule didn't improve in the days that followed. Mike got stoned any time the dailies went over 2000 feet. Blizzards, frostbite – we had 'em all. Once the A-67-R capsules spilled – on location we kept them in an empty film tin – and we lost a whole afternoon digging in the snow for them. I kept seeing this calendar with the pages fluttering off, faster and faster . . .

And I kept seeing Ted with Pesdorff. For real. Finally I had to ask him, "What's the big attraction?" he looked at me oddly. I felt myself blushing. "Well, some of the guys are talking . . ."

"Aw, come on, Mac. Pesdorff's just good company. He knows this country better than the polar bears. I like to hear him talk."

"Oh, sure, I know. It's just that ––"

"Besides," he whispered, grabbing my arm and looking furtively around the room, "I've got a special on Pentagon blueprints. If he buys the Giant Economy Size he gets ––"

"OK, Boy Spy, hit the sack. Tomorrow's another day in the wind tunnel." That goddamn Bert, I thought. The pressure was getting him.

Late the second week a miracle happened: the wind stopped. We got out there and filmed like crazy. Scene by scene, we began catching up. Finally, the night of the 10th, I called a skull session. There were only three scenes left. "If we can knock 'em all off tomorrow," I said, "we'll make it under the wire."

"By the skins of our teeth," Mikur said.

"We finally got the cards, weather-wise," Bert said.

Ted had been scanning the shot list. "This looks easy. Tomorrow ought to be a breeze." He should have known better.

We were going great until the last setup. It was simple: two men in a rubber raft coming ashore on the ice pack. Long shot for the approach, cut to medium for the beaching, move in tight for close-ups. Mike's assistant clacked the sticks. "We're going for a take!" The camera hummed. Ted signaled the men in the raft.

Then it happened. As they dug in with their paddles, there was a heavy *Boom!* across the bay and a huge wave suddenly came sweeping toward us. A giant iceberg had calved. The displaced wall of water moved with incredible speed. Someone shouted to the men in the raft and I saw one white face turn to look just as the wave caught them. It shot them up on the beach like a surfboard. The crew on shore scrambled madly for higher ground. The gray water curled over on top, hung there for an instant, then smashed down on the beach with a crunch you could feel in your chest. Large pieces of our equipment went tumbling back to sea with it.

We all ran after it, trying to save what we could. It was pretty hopeless. What we finally got together looked like the Norstadhoven city dump. We

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"Tell Sir Herbert the rescue party should reach him in three days and ask him if there is anything else he wants immediately."

food BY THOMAS MARIO

The Holiday Smorgasbord

a festival of food from the land of the vikings

SMORGASBORD, as the menu of just about every Swedish restaurant is eager to point out, literally means "bread-and-butter-table" — which is like calling Conrad Hilton an innkeeper. Bread and butter are, indeed, standard items of the groaning *bord,* but since the time of Eric the Red and all those other fellows with the horns on their hats, these noble staples have been supplemented by an infinite cornucopia of tummy-tempters. In days of old, to celebrate the return of daylight after months of darkness, a doughty Norseman would throw open his hall and invite his fellows to come bearing whatever food they might garner — fish from the icy lakes, elk from the forests, wild leeks from the rocky hills — until the mighty tables were packed solid with a vast variety of food. So it's hard to see just how or when or why this classic food fest was saddled with the strange misnomer it now bears.

To the young male Scandinavian, smorgasbord has always been a social proving ground. He watches the girls as they help themselves to the smoked salmon, the herring salad and the sprats, the brown beans, the tiny meat balls and the smoked tongue. And he concludes, as his ancestors did, that the one who eats with the heartiest appetite will have a hearty appetite for life's other goodies, too.

Before planning the food for a holiday smorgasbord, it's a good idea as part of your general orientation to understand the Scandinavian etiquette of drinking. Generally at a native party there are no cocktails offered before the eating begins. The conversation is somewhat restrained until someone takes the first nibble of food, and then the *skoals* begin as each person swallows the first glass of icy cold aquavit in one gulp. Sacred to the smorgasbord tradition is the fact that one never drinks alone. Every drink must be a toast. It isn't necessarily a talk-toast. Usually the toast is stimulated by a mere meeting of eyes. You catch a girl's glance as her eyes turn toward yours and then you both lift your glasses of aquavit and bottoms up. If you're really smitten with the young lady, you raise the glass toward your heart. If you're a corporal in the army, following strict protocol, you raise the glass to the height of a certain button on your uniform. If you're a captain or a colonel, you raise the glass to the button corresponding to your exact rank. One of the oldest smorgasbord traditions dictates that each man must drink at least as many toasts as there are but-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHIGETA-WRIGHT ASSOCIATES

tons on his jacket. As your thirst mounts from the helpings of salty, tangy comestibles, you switch from aquavit to ale. Finally, after innumerable rounds of hot and cold foods with perhaps a wine course served here and there, you are offered Swedish punch. If it's homemade Swedish punch, it may contain rum (100 proof), arrack (150 proof), straight alcohol (200 proof) plus a little water for flavor. It might be noted now that the Swedes — sensible people — are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world, consuming even more than U.S. coffee quaffers. Just as you're leaving the party, a solicitous Swede might take you aside and caution you about the possible aftereffects of your festivities. Don't drink any tea, he'll warn you solemnly, it might make you nervous.

Smorgasbord in your own apartment is a major project, and shouldn't be planned for less than 10 people in view of the serious effort that must be spent in arranging the self-service accommodations, buying the large assortment of luxuries and cooking the hot foods. The sheer animal merriment a smorgasbord table generates more than repays all the effort that goes into setting it up. And this effort can be reduced so greatly by the incredible variety of ready-to-eat gourmet foods now available that the actual labor required may be encouragingly small. For instance, if you want to, you can set up a complete smorgasbord including 20 or 25 delicacies without preparing a single solitary food item. All you need is money and a can opener. You can buy anything from Swedish meat balls to elk steak with chestnuts, from sliced Westphalian ham to smoked frogs' legs. While such items can't be found at every run-of-the-mill neighborhood gesheft, they are available at specialty food stores, supermarket gourmet shelves and Swedish delicatessens. Many delicatessens will supply fresh salads and appetitizers, and will often arrange meat on platters tied up in a cellophane ribbon. For large parties caterers will supply linen, silver and glassware.

THE TABLE

Smorgasbord in restaurants is often only the first course of the meal. For your own party the smorgasbord table should be the beginning, the middle and the end of the festivities. It should be covered with snowy white linen. There should be no large areas of unused table space. Around the center there should be deep bowls of salads, placed in deeper bowls containing cracked ice. At the perimeter there should be flat platters of meat, shallow oval dishes of fish appetizers, relish dishes and whopping containers for the celery hearts, scallions, radishes and olives. Spaces between platters may be filled with ferns or any appropriate seasonal decoration. The front of the overhanging tablecloth should be festooned with holiday garlands. Distribute napkins generously. Don't set the oval dishes right on the tablecloth but place them on larger plates or platters lined with paper doilies. Give your table class by using handsome platters for the meat, gleaming salad bowls, a brass urn for the coffee, bright champagne buckets for the bottles of iced aquavit and colorful casseroles or chafing dishes for the hot foods. While every bachelor doesn't own a complete table service of Royal Copenhagen Porcelain, there should be sufficient chinaware so that each guest has the use of three clean plates, one for the fish appetizers and seafood, one for the cold meats and salads and one for the hot foods.

Before you go smorgasbord shopping, the following tip may be useful. At a smorgasbord the average person eats about one-fourth or one-fifth a normal full size portion of meat or seafood. For instance, a 4½-ounce can of bonito fillets in oil would be a standard single portion if it were served as a main course. For your smorgasbord shindig, the same can of bonito fillets will take care of approximately five people. Naturally this guide isn't a stricture. Your guests may insist on eating every last shred of ham, and may completely avoid the wild boar roast. For these common aberrations there are no rules except the comforting thought that if your guests are honestly hungry, they will be sufficiently adventurous to try the herring salad, the smoked oysters or even the diamond back rattlesnake. At the average home celebration you should plan on 12 to 20 items besides small relishes.

BREAD AND BUTTER

There must be at least three different kinds of bread, and they should be the dark earthy types with a sweet lingering aftertaste that invariably compels you to come back for more and more as you wend your way around the table. The breads may vary from delicate wafers of rye and wheat as thin as paper (mostly produced in Norway) to those huge Swedish hardtacks called knåckebröd, as wide as a big hi-fi record, with a hole in the center. A more modern version is represented by such products as Ry-King, crisp rectangular wafers, light and low-caloried. Another exciting wafer bread is Finn Crisp. It has a zestful sour rye flavor like the best rye bread you've ever tasted. Then there should be the dark moist pumpernickel in which the Danes specialize. If you're in a large city or near a Swedish bakery, you'll be able to get the delicate *limpa* bread flavored with a delightful blend of anise, orange peel and cinnamon. The butter should be unsalted, cut into rather generous pats, or (if you have the time) should be shaped into balls or curls, piled high pyramid fashion alongside the bread baskets.

THE HERRING FLOTILLA

The herring family (which includes sardines, incidentally) is always the beginning of the smorgasbord parade. There's something about the tantalizing flavor of herring that lures the laziest, and satisfies the sharpest, appetite. Herring varies from tiny tidbits in wine sauce to fat matjes herring bought from the barrel. The list of herring in cream sauce, dill sauce, lemon sauce and in oil, the rolled herrings, Bismarck herrings and herring salads goes on indefinitely. You'll want the imported brisling sardines, and here again the varieties are stunning, including brisling sardines in sherry wine, garlic sauce and dill sauce. While the herring family dominates, other delicacies of the deep should be represented. Thinly sliced smoked salmon and sliced sturgeon are usually on hand. For gourmet palates, offer such magnificent delicacies as smoked oysters or mussels, fillets of mackerel in white wine, jellied eel and smoked cod liver. Particularly recommended for fish fanciers is the Basserman brand Blue-Char fish, put up in 7-ounce cans in wine aspic. It should be chilled before it is unmolded from the can. Finally a big platter or bowl of cold, freshly cooked shrimp left in the shell will be a colorful center of attention and will keep holiday hands busy and happy preparing the shrimps for dunking in sauce.

MEAT PLATTERS

Meat platters are revealing of one's skill in assembling a smorgasbord table. First of all, you shouldn't attempt to imitate the huge decorated cuts covered with *chaud froid* and aspic that one might see at a hotel culinary show or on the buffet table of an ocean liner. Nor, on the other hand, should the meat look like slabs of cold cuts served at a free lunch counter of yore. Rather, the smorgasbord meat platter should be *gemütlich*—neat, not gaudy—and should show real finesse in the choice of meats offered. Take ham, for instance. Instead of the ordinary boiled ham, serve if possible something like the thinly sliced Westphalian ham or genuine Smithfield ham or one of the imported canned hams in sherry or burgundy. The thin slices should be overlapping, decorated perhaps with a generous bunch of watercress at each end of the platter. Or, the ham slices might be rolled cornucopia fashion, filled with a mustardy cole slaw or filled with watercress, and neatly lined up on the platter for easy serving. Most of the meats at a smorgasbord are smoked. Swedish salami, the type without garlic, should be sliced

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jazz By LEONARD FEATHER

ELLA MEETS THE DUKE

a session with two of jazzdom's all-time greats

Today's World of Jazz is fat and sassy. So great is the embarrassment of riches served up in night spots, at concerts, on LPs, that the good performance is rejected as commonplace, the exceptional as merely acceptable. Rarely, then, does an event take place that can boost the pulse-beat of the jaded jazzophile. But such an event is the current release of Verve's "Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Duke Ellington Song Book," a four-platter package that brings together — for the first time — two of jazzdom's greatest talents.

If one all-round genius of jazz could be singled out, that man would be Duke Ellington. For more than 30 years, no other figure has come close to matching the Duke — as composer, conductor and arranger. No other figure has caused so much lasting excitement throughout the ups and downs of Dixie, swing, bop and cool. No other figure can boast his stunning string of infectious jazz hits. No other figure has influenced the entire jazz scene more than the Duke.

And if one all-round queen of jazz vocalists could be chosen, it would have to be Ella Fitzgerald. Her victory in the femme vocalist division of the first PLAYBOY *poll came as no surprise, for Ella has been copping top honors in polls continuously for the past 20 years.*

That such jazz royalty should merge on LPs is as logical as serving caviar with champagne. Over two dozen of Ellington's finest songs are included. Ella sings some and scats on others, using her inimitable voice as a musical instrument. The Duke's full band accompanies Ella on a number of the pieces; on others, she warbles his elegies in the intimate setting of an all-star sextet, featuring Ben Webster and Stuff Smith. The LP package also includes an elegant Ellington instrumental salute, "Portrait of Ella," composed especially for the album.

During the series of recording sessions necessary to produce the four LPs, perfectionist Ellington was heard to complain that this had turned into one of the most demanding tasks of his life. "With Ella up front," Duke declared, "you've got to play better than your best."

One could find no more fitting time to tell the stories of these two jazz immortals and you will find intimate word pictures of both beginning on this spread.

THE DUKE EDWARD KENNEDY ELLINGTON knows he is a great man. His denials, if and when they are made, are made in the full knowledge that a great man must include modesty among his self-evident characteristics.

What Duke Ellington knows, and has gladly accepted for three decades, is that his peer has yet to be found among jazz composers, arrangers and conductors. Cushioned by this knowledge, lulled by it into a permanent state of emotional ease, Ellington drifts through his daily life as though in a dream — in a world where such unpleasant realities as box-office failures, moochers, swindlers, Jim Crow, junkies and the need to meet deadlines simply do not exist. When one of these problems touches him he will shrug it off, look the other way or simply convince himself that the incident happened to somebody else.

Barry Ulanov, in his book *Duke Ellington*, made it clear that the Duke's self-confidence is not of recent origin. "When he was late in getting up for school, his mother or his Aunt Florence would shake him and push him and rush him out of bed into his clothes. Once dressed, Duke's tempo would change. He would come downstairs slowly, with an elegance. At the foot of the stairs he would stop and call to his mother and his aunt.

" 'Stand over there,' he would direct, pointing to the wall. 'Now,' he would say, 'listen. This,' he would say slowly, with very careful articulation, 'is the great, the grand, the magnificent Duke Ellington.' Then he would bow. Looking up at his smiling mother and aunt, he would add, 'Now applaud, applaud.' And then he would run off to school."

The great, the grand, the magnificent Duke Ellington has been on display before a world-wide audience for some 30 years. Most experts place the starting point of fame at Dec. 4, 1927, the night the Ellington orchestra, augmented a few months earlier to the healthy complement of 10, opened at the Cotton Club, which was to Negro show business

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Top: during the recording session at Verve, Duke ponders a run-through chorus of *Toke the "A" Troin*, while side-kick Billy Strayhorn shouts for more guts from the brass. Right: Strayhorn, Verve prexy Norman Granz and the Duke talk over timing problems on the four-disc LP package. Lower right: long-time Ellington sax star Johnny Hodges takes ten between takes. Below: Duke jokes with Ella during break in rehearsal of *Don't Get Around Much Anymore;* Dizzy Gillespie, the man with the upswept horn, dropped by to dig the sounds, stayed to wail on wax behind Ello. Left: Miss Fitzgerald listens dreamily to strains of Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady*.

ELLA THE EVENING OF JULY 20, 1957, was perfect for a concert under the stars. The audience of 16,500 at the Hollywood Bowl, still cheering, loosed a fresh burst of applause as the tallish, heavily-built girl returned to the mike. Frank DeVol gave the cue as 102 musicians, most of them members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, cruised into the introduction of a new, mambo-style arrangement of *A-Tisket A-Tasket*.

On the basis of 750 shows a year for close to 20 years, this was approximately the 15,000th time Ella Fitzgerald had sung her first and best known hit, but tonight a symbolic significance had attached itself to the performance: Ella was the only attraction at the Bowl. In the words of the TV quizmasters, she had reached a new plateau.

En route from the Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, where she had been booed off the stage at an amateur night appearance 23 years earlier, she had traveled slowly and inexorably upward through three professional phases. First: as a member of the Chick Webb band warbling inane pops and novelty numbers. Then: as a solo attraction, moving up from the smokier and more obscure bistros to concert tours that brought her before enraptured crowds throughout Europe, Japan and Australia. And third: as a star of the smarter supper clubs, a solo concert recitalist, and a best-selling record artist purveying the intelligent music of Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hart, and Duke Ellington.

Ella's life will never be made into a movie. The worlds of alcoholism, dope addiction and kindred vices — stepping stones to the best-seller lists and Hollywood's wide-screen — are utterly alien to her. Even the fable that she was raised in an orphanage, which might offer a slender story line, is untrue. Nevertheless, the graph of her progress reveals that the Hollywood Bowl must have seemed at one time as far out of reach artistically as it was geographically.

Ella Fitzgerald was born Ella Fitzgerald in Newport News, Va., April 25, 1918. She never knew her real father or

her native town; moving north as a child, she lived in Yonkers with her mother and stepfather. During her childhood years, she spent much time shuttling back and forth between her mother and an aunt, Mrs. Virginia Williams.

Despite her early undernourished appearance, Ella was a healthy kid who loved to dance and sing. During lunch hours at junior high, she would sneak off with a couple of friends to catch Dolly Dawn at a theatre with George Hall's orchestra, and at night she would flip over the Boswell Sisters on the radio; Connee Boswell soon became her favorite.

"Everybody in Yonkers thought I was a good dancer," Ella says. "I really wanted to be a dancer, not a singer. One day two girlfriends and I made a bet — a dare. We all wanted to get on the stage, and we drew straws to see which of us would go on the amateur hour. I drew the short straw, and that's how I got started winning all these shows."

Ella's first appearance, at the Apollo, won her a prize. "Benny Carter saw the show and told John Hammond about me; they took me up to Fletcher Henderson's house, but I guess they weren't too impressed when I sang for Fletcher, because he said 'don't call me, I'll call you.' "

The round of amateur hours continued, and word leaked downtown to the CBS offices, where there was talk of putting Ella on a show with Arthur Tracy, The Street Singer. After the audition a contract was drawn up, and Ella was promised she would get a "build-up like Connee Boswell," an assurance tantamount to a guarantee that a fledgling heavyweight was to be groomed as the next Joe Louis. The bubble burst suddenly when Ella's mother died, leaving her orphaned, a minor, with nobody to accept legal responsibilities for her.

A week or two later, forced to resume the weary amateur hour routine in the hope of making a buck, Ella lost a contest for the first — and last — time. Dressed in black, she tried to sing *Lost in a Fog*. ("The pianist didn't know the chord changes and I really *did* get lost.") Ella ran off stage bawling to the accompaniment of boos. Her long-delayed professional debut took place soon afterward — a week's work at the Harlem Opera House for $50.

"Tiny Bradshaw's band was on that show," Ella remembers. "They put me on right at the end, when everybody had on their coats and was getting ready to leave. Tiny said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, here is the young girl that's been winning all the contests,' and they all came back and took their coats off and sat down again."

The orchestra scheduled to follow Bradshaw's was that of Chick Webb, a drummer from Baltimore who, frail and humpbacked and barely literate, had risen magnificently above these handicaps to form one of the greatest bands of the day. Though primed by Benny Carter and by Bardu Ali, a wandwaver who fronted the Webb group, Chick resolutely refused to add to his vocal entourage, which consisted of a male ballad singer. "He didn't want no girl singer, so they hid me in his dressing room and *forced* him to listen to me," Ella recalls.

"I only knew three songs: *Judy, The Object of My Affection* and *Believe It Beloved*. I knew them all from Connee Boswell. I sang all three of them. Chick still wasn't convinced, but he said, 'OK, we'll take her on the one-nighter to Yale tomorrow.' Tiny Bradshaw and the chorus girls had all kicked in to buy me a gown. The kids at Yale seemed to like me, so Chick said he'd give me a week's try-out with the band at the Savoy Ballroom."

"The first time she came to my office," says Moe Gale, who was Webb's manager, "she looked incredible. Her hair disheveled, her clothes just terrible. I said to Chick, 'My God, what can you do with this girl?' Chick answered, 'Mr. Gale, you'd be surprised what a beauty parlor and some make-up and nice clothes can do.' "

They did a lot, but they couldn't produce a Cinderella overnight. Edgar Sampson, saxophonist and arranger with Webb, recalls: "We all kidded her. It would always be 'Hey, Sis, where'd you get those clothes?' We all called her Sis. And 'Sis, what's with that hairdo?' But she always took it in good spirits."

Ella was still slim during her first months with the band, despite her fondness for southern cooking. While the Lindy Hoppers at Harlem's famous Savoy grew familiar with Fitzgerald in person, her voice alone was slowly becoming known to radio listeners everywhere as the band broadcast late-night remotes. Eventually, Ella's fame forced Chick to include her in a record date for Decca.

"I'll never forget it; the record was *Love and Kisses*. After we made it the band was in Philadelphia one night when they wouldn't let me in at some beer garden where I wanted to hear it on the piccolo (jukebox). So I had some fellow who was over 21 go in and put a nickel in while I stood outside and listened to my own voice coming out.

"Things went so good that by the fall of '36 Benny Goodman had me make some records with the band for Victor. But Chick was under contract to Decca and they made them call the records back in." (There were three tunes, all rare collectors' items today.)

Ella's reputation had spread so far and fast that by 1937 she won her first *Down Beat* poll, sharing the vocal victory honors with Bing Crosby. It was pride rather than southern cooking that swelled her when Jimmie Lunceford, whose band she revered, offered her a job at $75 a week. Though he later retracted the bid out of respect for Webb, it did enable Ella to get another raise. Her salary crept up to $50 and before long was to reach $125.

This was the 52nd Street era. Jazz clubs spread like crazy, and the catch phrase "swing music" was on everybody's lips. Anybody who could "swing, brother, swing," was in great demand. Stuff Smith tried it on the fiddle, Artie Shaw had a whole string section in his band, and Maxine Sullivan, showing Onyx Club audiences how to swing a folk song, was the new national rage as the *Loch Lomond* lady.

If you could swing a folk song, mused Ella, why not extend the concept? One day the band was at a rehearsal in Boston when Van Alexander, who was doing some of the vocal arrangements, heard her fooling around with an old children's ditty.

"Hey, why don't we get together and add some lyrics and a middle part?" he suggested.

So they nursed it, rehearsed it, and gave out the news that the Webb band had given birth to — *A-Tisket A-Tasket*. A couple of months later, the band, with Ella handling the vocal, cut the tune for Decca. It was a smash. "If they'd been giving out gold records in those days I imagine we'd have gotten one," says Ella.

The Webb band and Ella flew high with their hit records. They played the Park Central Hotel, as well as two dates at the Paramount Theatre. But Chick's health deteriorated rapidly: he had tuberculosis of the spine and it was a miracle that he could summon enough stamina even to sit behind his drums.

After the band played a riverboat outside Washington, he was rushed to Johns Hopkins for an operation. Chick's amazing will to live carried him through a whole week, then the pain-wracked little giant looked around at friends and relatives, had his mother lift him up, said, "I'm sorry — I gotta go!" and passed away.

All who remember agree that Ella's voice will never surpass the poignant beauty it achieved when she sang at Chick's funeral. "There were thousands of people," says Moe Gale. "It was the biggest funeral I had ever seen — and I know there wasn't a dry eye when Ella sang."

Life began again when Gale decided the band should keep going, using Chick's name but with Ella fronting and one of the saxophonists as musical director. There were more tours and

(continued overleaf)

Playboy's Christmas Tree

doings for den, desk and dining

Top row: a classic lounging robe of foulard tie silk, $28.50. **Second row:** a two-tiered desk tray in Narra mahogany with woven rattan bottoms, $15; Georges Briard brass coffee or beverage urn with teak handle, brass stand, tray and warmer, glass compartment inside urn holds ice to keep cocktails frosty but not diluted, $40. **Third row:** wall barometer, made in Germany, encased in black or brown saddle leather, $35; free-form sculptured letter openers, $2 each, or salad servers, $3.50 a pair, in a choice of teak, elm, persimmon, ebony, rosewood or mahogany, each one distinctively designed by S. Oamine; Gense Focus pattern Swedish stainless steel flatware with black nylon handles, five-piece place setting, $19.50. **Bottom row:** leather desk accessories including blotter rimmed in white-stitched black leather, $30, combination desk pen and holder, $20, scissors and letter opener in case, $17.50; Elgin-American cigarette lighters including golfer's model with etched bag and clubs, $9.95, alligator-covered table lighter, $17.50, Grecian Key table lighter, $14.95, and Elginite Lite-Pack with space for 20 king-sized cigarettes, $9.95.

ELLA *(continued from page 40)*

records and Ella won her third straight *Down Beat* victory.

When the band hit Los Angeles, some of its members were invited to earn an extra $6 by playing an occasional jam session run informally at a night club by a tall, intense young man named Norman Granz. "Sure, he used my musicians but he didn't want me; he just didn't dig me," smiles Ella today. ("I never used Nat Cole either," admits Granz.)

The bandleading era was not one of the happier Fitzgerald phases. Ella contracted a marriage that was a mistake from the start and was ultimately resolved by an annulment. Meanwhile the draft had wrought havoc with the band's personnel, and Ella's career as a bandleader was over: Gale teamed her with a vocal-instrumental group, the Four Keys, a union that produced one big hit record, *All I Need Is You*, until the Keys got drafted themselves. Ella joined forces with a series of road shows.

The jazz revolution engineered by bop never fazed her: she had Gillespie in her band for a while in 1941 and her keen ear grasped the harmonic intricacies of the new style well enough to enable her to incorporate it in a series of wordless performances known alternately as scat singing or bop singing. *Flyin' Home* in '46, *Lady Be Good* in '47 and a series of follow-ups established her with the same addicts who combed the record shops for the latest Diz and Bird platters.

An early member of the bop clique was a young bassist from Pittsburgh, Ray Brown, who, after a long apprenticeship in Gillespie's combo, began to play dates with Norman Granz, who by now had moved out of the night clubs into the comparatively open air of the concert hall. Ella's interest in this new kind of music began to focus on Mr. Brown. Visiting him at a "Jazz at the Philharmonic" concert, Ella was spotted in the audience and asked to do a number by her admiring fans. Granz grudgingly consented and Ella knocked everybody out — including Granz. A contract was offered then and there. She married Ray Brown that same year, 1948.

Once aboard the Granzwagon, Ella's prestige gained momentum. For a decade she has been a regular member of his unit, though to Granz's regret he had to excise her vocal segments from records of his concerts because her Decca contract was still in force. Not until 1955, when he was able to negotiate a release, did Granz snare her for his own Verve label. Moving fast, he teamed her with Louis Armstrong on an LP, gave her a flock of Cole Porter songs for another, followed it up with Rodgers and Hart, and kept her constantly on the best-seller lists.

The mutual trust and admiration kindled between Ella and Granz eventually cast him, a couple of years ago, in the role of personal manager. Their business alliance has proved more durable than the marital tie with Brown, which ended in 1952 in divorce.

Granz aims to have Ella work only eight months a year and take it easy the rest of the time; but she thrives on travel, on the company of musicians and on the applause of audiences from continent to continent.

Never able to conceive of herself as someone famous and talented, Ella is constantly amazed at her reputation. There are no anecdotes concerning her encounters with celebrities because, not considering herself their peer, she shuns them. Newspapermen often wrongly attribute to haughtiness the reserved, seemingly uncooperative manner with which she reluctantly confronts them.

"You will never meet a star more completely un-publicity-conscious than Ella," observes her harassed press agent, Virginia Wicks. "She can come over to the house and we'll exchange small talk and she's just as sweet and charming as can be. Then I'll gingerly try to ease the conversation around to, say, a *Life* or *Time* man that wants to see her and her face will fall and she'll stomp her foot and say, 'Gosh darn it, Virginia, I can't do it — I have to go *shopping*!' And she'll stay crotchety, but finally, very reluctantly, she may say, 'Oh, all right.' " When Ella is sulky, her manner and expression are identical with those of the little girl she becomes in the song when, in answer to the line "Was it green?" she pouts and answers, "No, no, *no*, no!"

Ella's other *bête noire* is the cameraman, especially the type whose flash bulb tactfully explodes during the more tender syllables of a love song. "That's the one thing that can drive her crazy at concerts," Granz says, "that and nervousness. I have yet to see her do a show when she isn't nervous. We can be at an afternoon concert playing to a small house in Mannheim, Germany, in the fifth week of a tour, doing the same show she's done every day, and she'll come backstage afterward and say, 'Gee, do you think I did all right? I was so scared out there.'

"She and I have no contract," Granz adds, "just a handshake, and we can afford the luxury of telling each other off. On the last tour in Italy we had a terrible flare-up. It was in Milan; she didn't sing *April in Paris*, her big hit record there; instead she let the audience shout her into *Lady Be Good*. When she came off I yelled and she yelled and we didn't speak for three days."

The views of Ella's managers and fans alike concerning what songs are best for her were in violent conflict for many years. Always a frustrated ballad singer, she burst into tears when Chick Webb ("He didn't think I was ready to sing ballads") assigned to the band's male vocalist a tune that had been specially arranged for Ella.

"She was temperamental about what she sang," says Tim Gale, Moe's brother, whose booking agency handled Ella for many years. "However, she would sing *anything* if her advisors were insistent. One of her records was a thing called *Happiness*. She cut it under protest; I brought the dub backstage to her at the Paramount, and she said 'It's a shame. A corny performance of a corny song.' It turned out to be one of her biggest sellers.

"She once played a club in Omaha when Frankie Laine's *Mule Train* was a tremendous hit. One of the biggest spenders in Omaha came in constantly and demanded that she sing it. She kept ducking it until finally the club boss begged her to please the money guy. Ella said to herself 'I'll sing it in such a way that he'll never ask for it again,' and proceeded to do a burlesque so tremendous that on leaving town she kept it in the act and scored riotously with it everywhere — even at Bop City."

Granz's first move on assuming the managerial reins was to steer Ella away from the jazz joints and into the class clubs. Skeptical at first, Ella gradually took to the new, plush environments when she found that an audience at the Fairmont in San Francisco or the Copa in New York was as susceptible to *Air Mail Special* and *Tenderly* as the bunch at Birdland.

The quantity of Ella's performances has caused more disagreements than the quality. "I'll ask her to do two ballads in a row, to set a mood," says Granz, "but some kid in the back will yell *How High the Moon* and off she'll go. Or I'll say I want her to do eight tunes and she'll say 'Don't you think that's too many? Let's make it six.' And she'll go out there and do the six and then if the audience wants 50 she'll stay for 44 more. It's part of her whole approach to life. She just loves to sing."

"Every tour I ever made with her convinced me that singing is her whole life," says guitarist Barney Kessel. "I remember once in Genoa, Italy, we sat down to eat and the restaurant was empty except for Lester Young and his wife and Ella and me. So while we waited to give our breakfast order I pulled out my guitar and she and Lester started making up fabulous things on the blues.

(concluded on page 68)

SMALL TOWN PLAYMATE

five foot two, eyes of green: a rural cutie named marlene

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIVIENNE LAPHAM

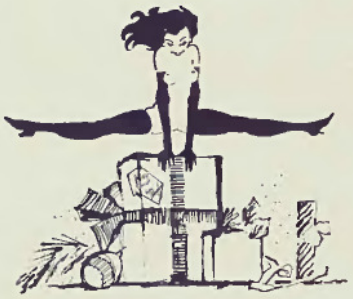
GREEN OF EYE, flaxen of hair and few of years is the Callahan colleen, Marlene, who resides far from the madding crowd in one of America's typical small towns. There, wholesome and healthy, aglow with vitamins and brimming with bucolic bounce, five-foot-two Marlene pursues happiness in her own unhurried way—a set of tennis with Tom, a seat at a basketball game with Dick, an evening at the phonograph with Harry, spinning Sinatra and Stravinsky, Nat Cole and Nathan Milstein. She's even been known to imbibe one-half of an ice cream soda via the two-straw method, a fine old rustic device for getting two

MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

people together. This is all very well, but we can't help but be reminded of those lines of Thomas Gray's: "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air." Though Marlene is not exactly unseen or wasted, we did feel her blushes deserved a somewhat larger circle of admirers, so we asked her (as our brows bumped over the soda) if she would please be our Playmate for November. Aren't you kind of happy that we did?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A cute young secretary we know enjoys telling everyone that her boss takes great pleasure in grabbing her by the knee. "But yesterday," she cooed at us over dry martinis, "he reached a new high."



Do you cheat on your wife?" asked the psychiatrist.

"Who else?" answered the patient.

The father, passing through his son's college town late one evening on a business trip, thought he would pay his boy a surprise visit. Arriving at the lad's fraternity house, dad rapped loudly on the door. After several minutes of knocking, a sleepy voice drifted down from a second floor window, "Waddyah want?"

"Does Ramsey Duncan live here?" asked the father.

"Yeah," replied the voice. "Dump him on the front porch."

Girls who look good in the best places usually get taken there.

Women who insist on wearing the pants frequently discover that it is other women who are wearing the chinchilla.

Bill's sister was one of the most popular girls in Manhattan. She had more boyfriends than she knew what to do with and she never wanted for a thing. Bill was an impecunious musician, always in debt and constantly asking his sister for spending money.

"I don't understand you, Bill," she said in obvious annoyance one afternoon when he had tried to put the bite on her for a 10 spot. "I don't have any trouble saving money, so why should you?"

"Sure, sure," he said, "but you've got money coming in all the time from the very thing that's keeping me broke."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a *metallurgist* as a man who can look at a platinum blonde and tell whether she is virgin metal or a common ore.

Love of my life," said the enraptured husband, "your beauty is such that it should be captured in the nude by the finest sculptor in the world."

Two gentlemen passing by the hotel room happened to overhear the conversation, paused for a moment, then rapped on the door.

"Who's there?" asked the husband.

"Two sculptors from New York," came the answer.

We've just heard about the old maid who sued a Miami Beach hotel for cruelty. Seems they gave her a room between two honeymooning couples.

The high-priced lawyer was sitting in his office when his secretary announced the arrival of a new client: a very sexy dish.

"I wish to divorce my husband," said the dish.

"On what grounds?" the lawyer asked.

"Infidelity," came the reply. "I don't think my husband has been faithful to me."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well," said the dame, "I don't think he's the father of my child."

If Dorothy Parker will forgive us, it is our observation that men often make passes at girls who drain glasses.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I'm almost sorry I posed for it. It's rather difficult to live up to now."

SAM'S WIFE, Mary, had been carrying on rather brazenly with another man (call him Joe) for some time. She was sure Sam didn't suspect, because (she reasoned) she had never betrayed herself. You see, Sam was a man of rigidly regular habits: he was home during certain hours, at his office during certain hours, at his club on certain nights—and from this regimen he never wavered. You know the type. This was very convenient for Mary, but even so, she took no chances. Though she had provided Joe with a timetable of her husband's comings and goings, admonishing him never to phone her except when the coast was clear, she was careful to add, just in case, that should Joe ever phone and be greeted by a man's voice, he must pretend he'd got a wrong number. That is, Joe was to make up an apocryphal number and ask if this was *that* one. None of that shoddy If-A-Man-Answers-Hang-Up stuff for her.

This proved to be a wise precaution, for one morning, the usually sound-as-a-dollar Sam said he wasn't feeling so good, a touch of the flu maybe, and would stay home in bed all day.

When the phone rang, with Sam in bed in the bedroom and Mary seated there before him in a chair, Mary darted forward, but the extension was right at Sam's elbow on a bedside table, and, with speed surprising for a sick man, he picked it up and said hello.

A man's voice, after an instant of hesitation, asked if this was Chester 3-0912.

"Yes," Sam replied.

The voice hesitated again, and then asked, "Is this the Gibraltar Life Insurance Company?"

"Yes," Sam said.

This time, Sam heard a sharp intake of breath. Then the caller asked, in a rather strained voice, "Is Mr. Smith there?"

"Smith speaking," Sam said, cool as could be.

The caller hung up, rather abruptly. Sam put the phone down and returned to his magazine. Mary had stood through the entire performance, and now she seemed to break in the middle. She slumped down into her chair.

"Wrong number," Sam told her, without glancing up from his reading.

three modern, metropolitan folk tales

HELEN AND RALPH were married to each other. Marvin and Judith weren't married to anybody at all and didn't particularly want to be.

Let us begin with Helen and Marvin. Unmarried Marvin was a man of no mean wealth—a giver of fabulous gifts. Married Helen was a giddy little female with morals approximately those of an alley cat. They were very happy together, for a while, in their extra-marital way. Marvin surprised her on one of her birthdays by giving her an ermine jacket that cost him five or six thousand dollars. Nothing but the best. Helen wept when she felt that fur around her shoulders, wept with a joy that was pure and beautiful.

But after she'd got her wits about her again, it occurred to her that she couldn't possibly take the thing home with her, lovely and divine though it was. No story she could possibly tell husband Ralph would be adequate. Finally, between them, Helen and Marvin devised a scheme: she would deposit the jacket in a locker at the railway station, take the key home and tell Ralph she'd found the key on the street. And she'd suggest that he go by and see what the locker contained. Perhaps it would be something quite valuable.

The next morning, Ralph took the key and repaired to the station. He walked as casually as he could to the locker and opened it. He took out the box and went to the men's room and into one of those dime booths and opened his prize. You can imagine his amazement upon discovering in the box an ermine jacket. He closed the box and stepped out and looked around, and bent down and looked beneath the doors of the other booths. The place was completely empty. He walked out, the box beneath his arm, and hailed a taxi. He gave the address of a Park Avenue apartment house.

Some time later, he returned to home and Helen, a box in his hand. It was a smaller box than the one he had carried before and he had found it not in a locker but in a drugstore. "Here, dear," he said, "this is what was in the locker." Helen fainted dead away and Ralph was left holding the box of chocolate creams in outstretched hand.

Judith, who lived on Park Avenue, just loved her new ermine.

By HOKE NORRIS

CITY FABLES

Fables, traditionally, are little moral tales; but time changes all things, and in our own time, among the complex denizens of urban communities, a new kind of fable has been going the rounds: a kind of amoral — or even immoral — tale, usually involving infidelity. You have undoubtedly heard, and told, some of them yourself; others may have escaped your attention. Here are three of the best, collected and retold by Mr. Hoke Norris, newspaperman, author of the book "All the Kingdoms of Earth," and recipient of a 1957 "best creative writing" citation from the Society of Midland Authors. Says Norris: "I got the fables from men who swore they were true. Not that they personally knew the principal actors, you understand, but the fellow who told them said the fellow who told him . . ." Thus are all fables, moral or otherwise, born and propagated.

FRED AND EVELYN married happily and lived ever after, to tamper with the usual phrase a bit. They presented as compatible a facade to the world as any couple does. They seemed attentive to each other in normal social intercourse and solicitous if one or the other was ill or encountered a difficulty. Their arguments were not violent and were decently spaced in time.

Fred had a growing business that made them prosperous members of one of the better exurbs. Yet this business made its demands, of course. Fred began calling Evelyn and telling her he wouldn't be home for dinner. Several times he told her he'd be working late. On one occasion he announced that he wouldn't be working at all, he'd be taking his beautiful secretary out to dinner. Evelyn gasped, and then laughed. "Oh, you big kidder," she said, and he laughed, too.

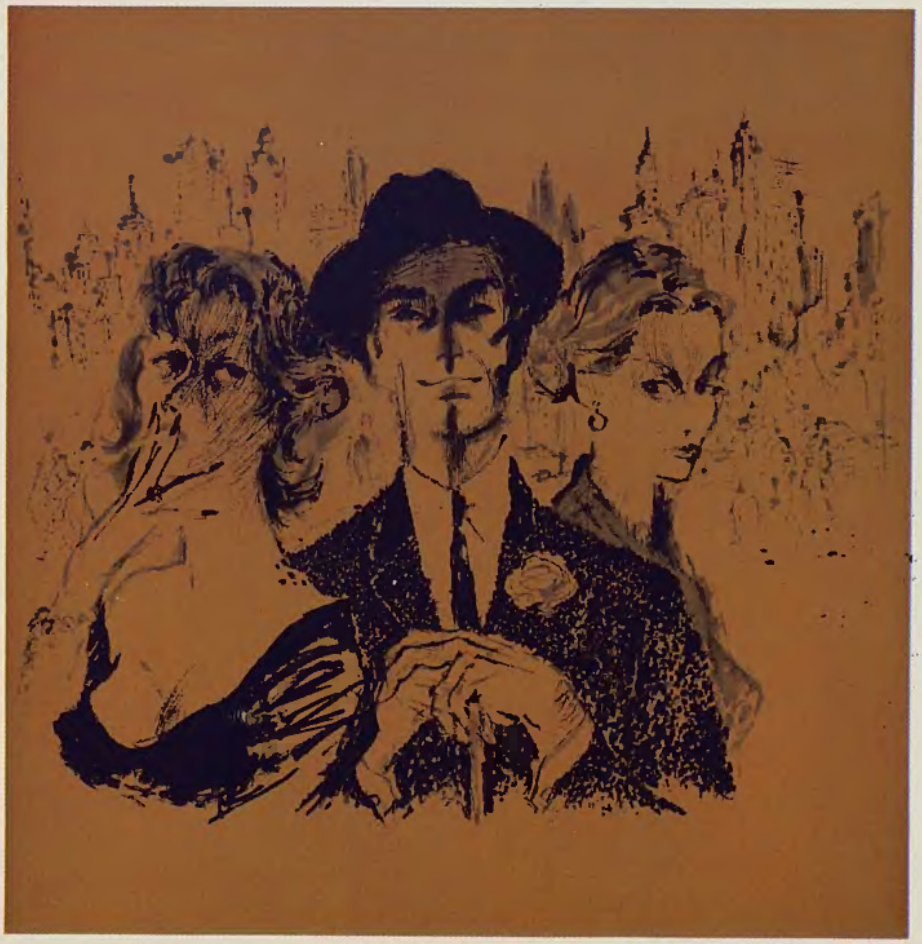
And so it continued. Sometimes Fred would tell Evelyn he was working, sometimes he'd tell her he was taking his secretary out for the evening. And Evelyn would laugh, and he'd assure her that he wasn't kidding at all, and Evelyn would laugh some more. It was excessively jolly.

It wasn't long before Fred added trips out of town to his absences from home. Sometimes he'd tell Evelyn he was leaving on business. Sometimes he'd tell her he was taking his beautiful secretary on a pleasure trip, and they'd have quite a laugh. And eventually Evelyn began originating the jest herself, interrupting Fred to say, "And it's that secretary again, I suppose." Sometimes he'd say yes, and sometimes he'd say no.

So it went, and so it might have continued if Evelyn hadn't asked Fred for a new car. Fred told her they couldn't possibly afford one, that he'd lost $2000 on the horses just the week before, and $1000 the week before that.

Evelyn was horrified at first, but she studied her husband, and finally she laughed. "Oh, Fred," she said, "you're kidding again." Nothing would convince her he wasn't kidding, until he got his check stubs and showed her — two stubs totaling $3000, and farther back, several for smaller amounts. Evelyn sobered considerably, and there was no more talk of a new car. The air was, in fact, rather chilly throughout the house.

The next time Fred called and announced that he was taking his secretary out for the evening, there was a hollow note in Evelyn's laughter.



THE DEADLY WILL *(continued from page 22)*

to ordinary passenger cars, it was nothing of the kind. It was a stripped-down, tight-sprung, lowered, finely-tuned, balanced savage, a wild beast with a fighter's heart and a fighter's instincts. On the highway, it was a wolf among lambs; and it was only on the track that it felt free and happy and at home.

The Chevy was like Buck Larsen himself, and Buck sensed this. The two of them had been through a lot together. They had come too close too many times. But they were alive, somehow, both of them, now, and they were together, and maybe they were ugly and old and not as fast as the new jobs, but they knew some things, by God, they knew some tricks the hot-dogs would never find out.

Buck glanced at the tires, nodded, and went into the hotel. He left a call for 5:30. The old man at the desk said he wouldn't fail. Buck went to his room, which was small and hot but only cost him three dollars, and what can you expect for that?

He listened to the rain and told it, Look, I'll find second or third tomorrow, you can't stop me, I'm sorry. A man's got to eat.

He switched off the light and fell into a dark black sleep.

When he awoke, he went to the window and saw that the rain had stopped; but it had stopped within the hour, and so it didn't matter. He went out and found a place that was open and ate a light breakfast of toast and coffee.

Then he drove the Chevy the 13 miles out of town to the Soltan track. It sat in the middle of a field that would normally have been dusty but now was like a river bank, the surface slimy with black mud. The track itself was like most others: a fence of gray, rotting boards; a creaking round of hard, splintery benches; a heavy wooden crash wall; and a narrow oval of wet dirt. A big roller was busily tamping it down, but this would do no good. A few hot qualifying laps and the mud would loosen. One short heat and it would be a lake again.

Dawn had just broken, and the gray light washed over the sky. It was quiet, the roller making no sound on the dirt, the man behind the roller silent and tired. It was cold, too, but Buck stripped off his cloth jacket. He got his tools out of the trunk and laid them on the ground. He removed the car's mufflers first; then, methodically, jacked up the rear end, took off the back left tire and examined it. He checked it for pressure, fitted it back onto the wheel and did the same with the other tires. Then he checked the wheels. Then the brakes.

Soon more cars arrived, and in a while the pits were full. When Buck had finished with the Chevy, when he was as sure as he could ever be that it was right and ready to go, he wiped his big hands on an oily rag and took a look at the competition.

It was going to be rougher than he'd thought. There were two brand new supercharged Fords, a 1957 fuel-injection Chevrolet, three Dodge D-500s, and a hot-looking Plymouth Fury. The remaining automobiles were more standard, several of them crash jobs, almost jalopies, the sides and tops pounded out crudely.

Nineteen, in all.

And I've got to beat at least 17 of them, Buck thought. He walked over to a new Pontiac and looked inside. It was a meek job, real meek. But you can't tell. He examined the name printed on the side of the car: Tommy Linden.

Nobody. Buck put the rag away, returned to the Chevy. Several hours had passed, and soon it would be 12 o'clock, qualifying time. He'd better get some rest.

He lay down on a canvas tarpaulin and was about to close his eyes, when he saw a young man walking up to the Pontiac. They apparently hadn't heard of the No Females Allowed rule in Soltan, for a girl was with him. She was young, too; maybe 21, 22. And not hard and mannish, like most of them, but soft and light and clean. Some girls always stay clean, Buck thought. No matter what they do, where they are. If Anna-Lee had been more that way (or even a little) maybe he'd of stuck with her. But she was a dog. Why the hell do you marry a damn sloppy broad like that in the first place? God. He looked at the girl and thought of his ex-wife, then focused on the kid. Twenty-five. Handsome, brawny: he thinks he's got a lot, that one. You can usually tell. Look at his eyes.

Buck half-dozed until a loudspeaker announced time for qualifying; he sat up then and listened to the order of the numbers. Twenty-two, first. Ninety-one, second. Seven, third.

He was ninth.

People started running around in the pits; customers drifted up into the grandstands; the speaker blared: then number 22, a yellow Ford, rolled up to the line.

It roared away at the drop of the flag.

Others followed.

When he was called, Buck patted the Chevy, listened to it, and grunted. The track was getting chewed up, but it was still possible to get around quickest time. He eased off the mark slowly as the flag dropped, got up some steam on the backstretch and came thundering across the line with his foot planted. He grazed the south wall slightly on his second try, but it was nothing, only a scratch.

He went to the pits and removed his helmet in time to hear the announcer's voice: "Car number six, driven by Buck Larsen — 26:15."

The crowd murmured approval. Buck decided it would be a decent gate and settled down again. The Fury went through at something over 26:15.

Then it was the Pontiac's turn.

"Car number 14, driven by Tommy Linden, up."

The gray car's pipes growled savagely as it rolled out. The track was bad, now. Really bad. Buck felt better: he had second starting position sewed up. No one could drop a hell of a lot off of 26:15 in this soup.

The Pontiac accelerated so hard at take-off that the rear almost slewed around. Easy, 14, Buck thought. Easy. It'll impress the little girl but your ass'll be at the end of the pack.

Number 14 came through the last turn almost sideways, straightened, and screamed across the line. It stuck high on the track, near the wall, at every curve. Buck saw the kid's face as he went by. It was unsmiling. The eyes were fixed straight ahead.

Then it was over, and the loudspeaker roared: "Tommy Linden, number 14, turns it in 26:13!"

Buck frowned. The other supercharged Ford would probably make it under 26. Sure it would, with that torque.

The kid crawled out of the Pontiac but before he could get his helmet off, the girl in the pink dress jumped from the stack of tires and began to pull awkwardly at the strap. The kid grinned. "Come on, leave it go," he said, and pushed the girl gently aside. Already his face was dirty, no longer quite so young. He looked at his tires and walked over to Buck. "Hey," he said, "I had somebody fooling with my hat, I didn't get the time. You remember what I turned?"

"26:13." Buck said.

"Not too bad, huh?" the kid said, happily. Then, he spit out his gum. "What'd you turn?"

"26:15."

The kid appraised Buck, looked at his age and the worry in his face. "That's all right," he said, "hell, nothing wrong with that. You been around Soltan before?"

"Not for a while," Buck said.

"Well, like, sometimes I steal a little practice; you know?" He paused. "I'm Tommy Linden, live over to Pinetop."

Buck did not put out his hand. "Larsen," he said.

The young man took another piece of gum from his pocket, unwrapped it, folded it, put it into his mouth. "I'll tell you something," he said. "See, like I told you, I practice here once in a

(continued on page 74)

Playboy's Christmas Tree

milady's bounty

Top row: a sparkling key ring in multicolored stones or rhinestones, $5 each, but you supply the key. **Second row:** a magnificent dyed red mole sports car coat, $575, with matching skirt available; boodle bags, each a combination wallet and purse that holds everything from charge plates to cosmetics, in blue, red or flax cowhide, $5 each. **Third row:** if she's really the bee's knees, get her four or five Chanel gold ropes that dangle to her knees, $4 each; or a bracelet of cultured pearls and gold, $100; if you really feel expansive, throw in the pearl and gold charm, with a tiny revolving globe inscribed, "Love Makes the World Go Round," $90; or try her with a pair of earrings, each with three cultured pearls and three sapphires in a gold setting, $75; or give her the Lady Elgin Valera, 14K gold, 23 jewels, $85, or the Lady Elgin Ballerina bracelet watch, 14K gold, with tinkling bell and heart charms, $75. **Bottom row:** imported hand-knit cardigan of Swedish wool and angora, $112; Rolf's soft buckskin and grained cowhide bag with passport case inside, $25, or navy shrunken grained cowhide bag, also with passport case, $25.

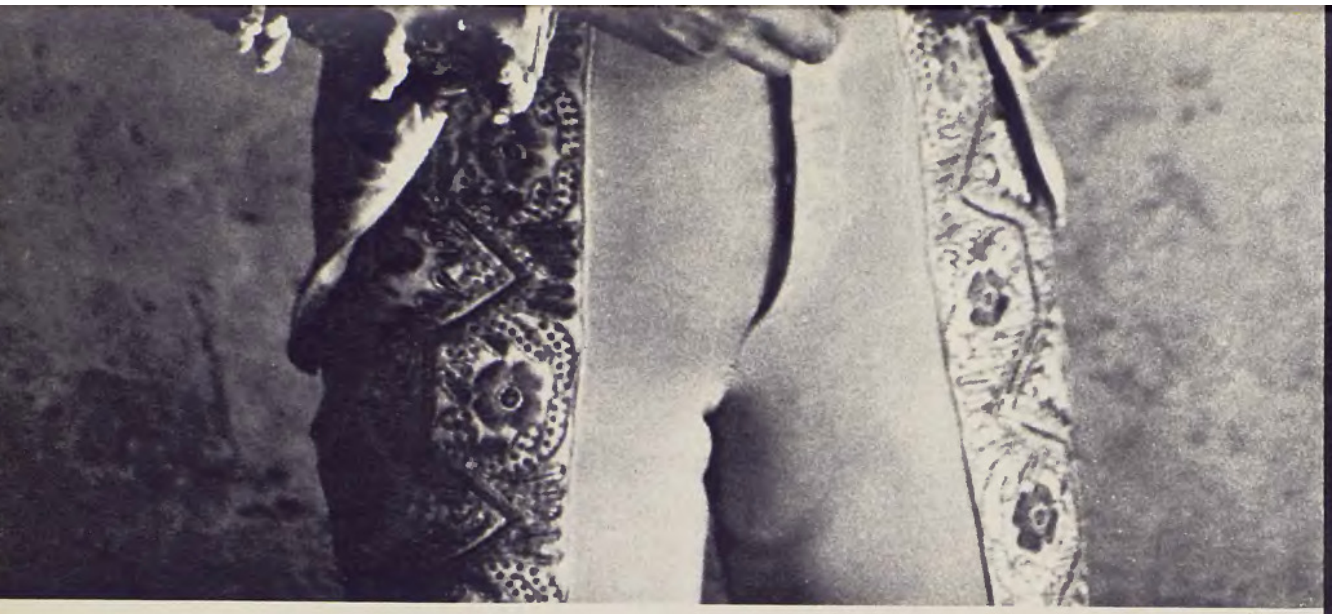
A TORERO WINS HIS LAURELS IN
THE FORMAL DANCE OF DEATH

CORRIDA

BY BARNABY CONRAD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE SHEA

The crowd cheers those incredible right hand passes . . .



Fernando de los Reyes, El Callao — the Silent One — waits for the gates of fear to open.

The crowd began a spine-tingling chant—"*to-re-ro, to-re-ro, to-re-ro,*" the greatest tribute they can pay a matador, and the presidente signaled for one ear, and as the chant kept up, another ear, and finally the tail of the dead animal. Then the crowd spilled down into the arena and hoisted the exhausted man onto their shoulders. As they swept out of the main gate the look in the man's glazed eyes was one of fulfillment and ecstasy . . .

This was the scene, but what lay behind it? What is it that distinguishes bullfighting so completely from all other sporting events? A partial answer is that it is not a sport. It is a tragedy, if you will, or a spectacle — but not a sport, please. A further answer requires recognition of the fact that it is a complex activity evoking complex reactions. Many writers have tried — and failed — to synthesize it; many people will never be responsive to it. It can no more be "explained" than can a sunset or a work of art. But certainly it partakes of these:

First and most simply, it is a formalized, emotionally-charged group experience of which the matador is the shining star. It is a man against a beast, not the beast of burden or the milch-herd bull we know, but a very distant relative, bred (not trained) for centuries for one purpose: to be fierce and powerful and filled with a rage to kill men. The fighting bull has never encountered a dismounted man until it enters the bull ring. It is this beast pitted against a man who must fight according to an ancient and stipulated pattern, a lethal dance as rigidly conventionalized as classic ballet. Next, it is the arena itself, with its history of blood and death and beauty in the hot

. . . as he works close, terribly close, to the lethal horns.

His second bull crashes him to the ground, unconscious.

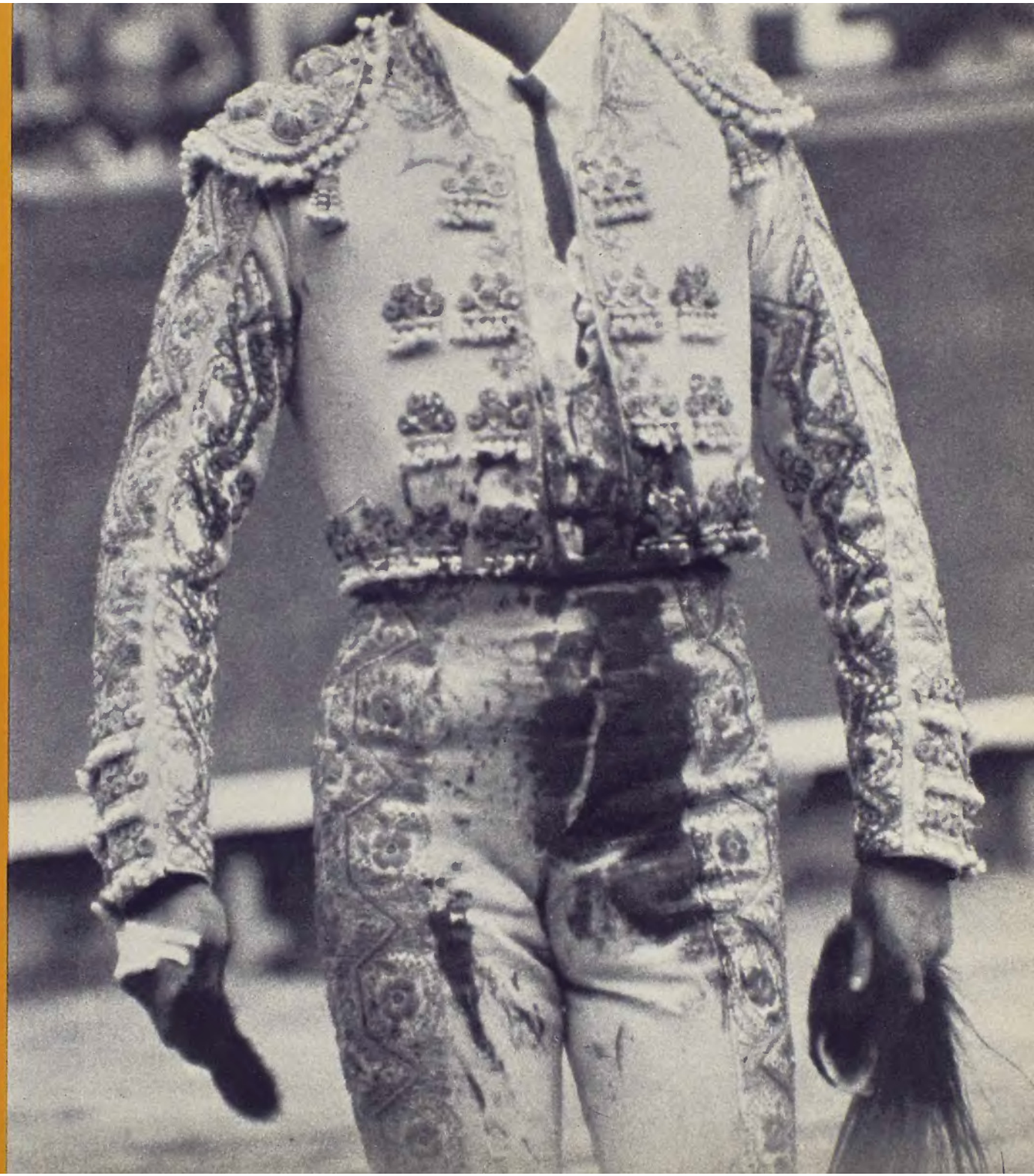
In the infirmary, El Callao is revived but told he cannot return to arena. Below, he talks nurse into releasing him.

afternoon sun. Finally, it is the crowd, a passionate fiesta crowd, wise in the intricacies and niceties of the art, a dedicated crowd whose mass voice is ever ready to be raised in roaring praise of skill and courage — and just as ready to howl derision and abuse at the matador who flinches, as they would, when sabre-sharp horns cleave past him, mere fractions of an inch from his unprotected body. It is the music, the color, the parade of the participants, the communion of deep excitement and fascinated expectation — for one of the two actors in the drama will surely die. (Or, as in the case of Manolete, in 1947, both.) *La fiesta brava* is all these and yet it is something much more, something which — perhaps — is the perfect fusion of formal art and primal passion. It is a traditional pageant which is profoundly affecting because it is, in addition to all its other aspects, a symbolic re-enactment of man's awareness that nerve, intellect and control may win dominance over the unreasoning beast — the beast within, who would flee in terror, as well as the beast without.

And why do men fight bulls? Why have they been doing it, in one form or another, for thousands of years. (And it *has* been thousands of years. The historian Breasted tells how the ancient pharaohs boasted of their prowess in killing wild bulls even before the Cretans. *(continued on page 62)*

Above, man and bull are merged in the moment of truth as the matador's sword finds its target. Below, tribute to the bloodied but triumphant hero, ears and tail awarded by the presidente.

With his third bull, El Callao outdoes himself, working closer to the horns than was believed possible. It is too good to last: suddenly he is tossed by the horns, frighteningly, but (below) climbs from the sand blazing mad.



"I'd give anything for a necklace like that — I wonder if they'd be interested?"

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Ribald Classic

A newly translated tale from Juan Timoneda's *El Patrañuelo*

IN ORDER FOR YOU to understand this tale it is necessary to know that there is to this day within the walls of Rome at the foot of the Aventine Hill a strange stone. It has the dimensions of a millstone and on it appears the ferocious face of a creature half-man and half-lion, with the mouth open. It is known even now as The Stone of Truth and for the following reason: in olden days when people needed to swear a solemn oath to satisfy their accusers, they thrust their hands into the open mouth; if they lied, the stone jaws would close, and the guilty one's hand would not be freed until he had made full confession; but if there was no guilt, the jaws stayed open and the accused was absolved.

Back in those Old Roman days there lived a famous captain named Scipio Torcatus, descended from the Caesars. He was married to a Roman matron whose virtue and beauty were unparalleled. Her name was Aenea Sabelina. She was 23 years old at the time of the story, and the living personification of every feminine charm and grace.

It happened one day that Captain Torcatus had to go to the war that raged along the Danube and in Transylvania to put down some resistance from the barbarians. He had to stay away longer than was expected as the war dragged on without a decisive victory. It was during this delay that a battle was fought and many Romans died in the fray, and because of distance there were no reports as to who had died and who had not.

Aenea Sabelina heard and fell ill almost immediately. She felt certain that Torcatus was among the slain. No doctor who came to her side was able to help her or effect a cure. Her family was frantic. Then they heard of a young doctor recently arrived from Greece where he had been studying. It turned out that his name was Arsinius Rufus and that he was a Roman by birth.

Rufus visited the fair patient and was captivated from the first, and as he had to visit the lady every day and be alone with her in her bedroom, the fires of love soon consumed him. Before too long, he made bold to tell her how he felt. Imagine his joy to find Aenea flattered by his words, obviously as taken with him as he with her.

"Besides," she said to herself, "what if Torcatus is really among the dead, as I have supposed? What better match could I make than with Rufus who is rich as well as young and handsome? We could marry in due time."

But her conscience bothered her all the same at the thought of committing what would be adultery if Torcatus still lived. She held out, but Rufus was too much in her company for long resistance, and at length they made a reality out of what had until then been the stuff of dreams.

This delightful state of affairs went on for some weeks under the most strict and careful secrecy, but in spite of all their efforts Aenea's family grew suspicious. No sooner had word arrived that Torcatus was alive and well at the front, than they sent him an urgent note, concise and to the point: "Get a furlough, Torcatus, and hurry home. Your family needs attention."

The captain came, and no one gave him a more royal and loving reception than his wife, Aenea. Torcatus, because he loved his young wife above all things, refused to believe his relative's hints until there was concrete proof.

But nothing came to light, for Aenea and Rufus were very careful and stopped seeing one another, even though it cost them great anguish.

One day Torcatus said to Aenea, "My dearest one, I must return to the front very soon. Therefore, I must confess to you that something has greatly upset me. I really think you should hear it and tell me what you think I should do."

"You should have told me sooner," said Aenea sweetly, careful as only a woman knows how to be, to betray nothing by look or word or even tone. "What is it?"

Torcatus hedged a bit, but finally told her of his family's suspicions and said it would please him if she would consent to go with him and his relatives to The Stone of Truth and there take an oath that no other man had ever touched her. "I know, of course, dear Aenea, that the oath is unnecessary, for I place complete and everlasting trust in you; but it will satisfy the suspicions of my family, which I must confess are a great annoyance to me. Take the oath, Aenea, and I can go off happily to the war."

"Is that all you want me to do, Torcatus?" laughed Aenea, but with a lump of fear in her throat. "I'll swear, of course, but don't you think that people will see in this a great lack of trust on your part?"

"You *will* take the oath, though, won't you, Aenea?"

"Of course, and the sooner the better," she said, wondering how long it

(concluded on page 80)

"No other man has touched me!" declared Aenea.

GORRIDA *continued from page 58)*

who held athletic exhibitions in arenas around 2000 B.C. The height of the programs came when the performers would vault spectacularly over the charging bulls.)

Are bullfighters hopeless neurotics? Sadists? Masochists? Are they, as one free-wheeling psychiatrist put it, "latent homosexuals who cannot level a woman with their penis and so must level a bull with their sword?" Are they brave men or really terrible cowards who must daily prove to themselves and the world that they are not? And just what is courage? Isn't the clerk who day after day makes the drab haul to his accounting stool to support his family exhibiting courage? It would take more guts for some people to live out his life of quiet desperation than to pursue the career of an arctic explorer.

We are all cowards — it's just that we are each afraid of different things. I vividly remember taking the fearless Sidney Franklin—fearless in a bull ring, that is — for a fast ride on a midget motorcycle through the winding streets of Sevilla's barrio de Santa Cruz and he was babbling with fright before it was over.

"Many would be Cowards, if they had Courage enough," wrote Thomas Fuller back in 1732.

Probably many toreros fight bulls simply because they lack the courage *not* to fight bulls. As I wrote in the introduction to Carlos Arruza's autobiography, *My Life as a Matador*, much mystic claptrap has been ascribed to the reasons men fight bulls, from religion to homosexuality to thwarted patricide, and perhaps in rare instances it has some validity. But in Arruza's case, and I believe in the cases of the majority of men who get a supreme thrill from making a bull pass by their legs, the basic underlying reasons are contained in this excerpt from the excellent paper entitled *The Counter-Phobic Attitude* by the late psychiatrist Otto Fenichel:

"When the organism discovers that it is now able to overcome without fear a situation which would formerly have overwhelmed it with anxiety, it experiences a certain kind of pleasure. This pleasure has the character of 'I need not feel anxiety any more.'

. . . "It will generally hold true that the essential joy in sport is that one actively brings about in play certain tensions which were formerly feared, so that one may enjoy the fact that now one can overcome them without fearing them."

I am convinced that the reasons for one's taking up bullfighting are usually neither more nor less neurotic or mystical than those which propel a man to take up high-diving, mountaineering, giant slalom or sports car racing.

The one thing that all bullfighters have in common is that they are true adventurers. Of course the economic factor figures in there very heavily also. "Toreros and royalty are the only ones who live well," they say in Spain. In Mexico, it's toreros and politicians. Bullfighting is just about the only way for a poor boy to make it. All he has to do is lay his life on the line; not just once, though, in one jaw-clenched, do-or-die act of bravado, but coldly and methodically, day after day, month after month and season after season.

Take the rather typical case of Fernando de los Reyes, "El Callao" (pronounced cah-yow), a shy modest man who looks as much like a matador as a man can. I recently came back from seeing him take the alternative in Mexico City — that is, graduate to the status of a full matador — and I have never seen such beautiful, slow, languid, insouciant right hand passes in my life — no, not even from the great Manolete.

At the comparatively advanced age of 26, he had finally done it, finally received his Doctorate of Tauromachy, and he was on top of the world. Ever since he was 16 he'd been working toward this goal, and he finally came through with flying colors, to let none of his rabid supporters down. But if it hadn't been for a certain afternoon, Fernando de los Reyes, El Callao, would probably still be just a novillero.

El Callao — the Silent One — was brought up hungry poor, the son of a day laborer, in Mexico City. Nothing is poorer than the poverty of Mexico City, or maybe it just looks poorer than any place else, set, as it is, against the gaudy newness of the buildings and the big cars of the politicians. Fernando started working in a grocery store when he was 14 and graduated to the body shop of a garage when he was 16. Some of his fellow workers were *aficionados practicantes* — that is, they used to spend their days off looking for opportunities to fight bulls. Fernando got in with them and found himself going out to the small village *pachangas* where half-bred young animals are caped in makeshift arenas for fun and for the enjoyment of the drunken villagers on feast days.

At first Fernando just went along for the ride and couldn't see too much in these wild unorganized affairs. But then one day he was persuaded to go out there with a cape in his hands. The big *morucho* bull was in the middle of the arena pawing the sand and waiting for someone to come into range when Fernando slid through the *burladero* opening in the fence. Thin but perfectly built, he already had a natural torero's walk and grace. He held the big cape out in front like a boxer, the right lower and closer to his body.

"*Toro!*" he shouted at the bull and shook the cape. Then he watched with his heart pounding louder than the bull's hoofs as it charged down on him. But he held his ground and just before the horns hit the cape he swung his arms, the left hand snapping down even with the right and then the two of them swinging together, moving the magenta cloth just a few inches in front of the animal's snout and guiding the terrible head by his thighs.

It worked! It was a *veronica*, a jerky, ungraceful one, but still a *veronica*. And the bull had gone by — this great lethal hunk of black muscle had been made to miss him and he hadn't moved his legs back an inch! With just his wrists and this cloth he had sucked death close into him and then controlled and dominated death and sent it away from him.

He experienced the greatest emotion he'd ever felt in his life, and he knew that he could never be anything else but a torero. He knew also that these bulls held his one chance to get out of a garage or maybe to own a garage, or maybe a string of garages. "Bullfighting is a pile of riches guarded by a pair of sharp horns," people told him. Here was a way, an exciting, quick, easy way to get a decent house for his parents and five brothers and sisters. Here was a way to become somebody overnight!

It wasn't quite that easy, he found out. In fact that first day, after his lucky initial pass, the bull began to point out to him just how difficult it was going to be. Because he didn't know anything about the complicated science of terrains and querencias and bull psychology, the first time he tried to make the bull pass between him and the fence it tossed him sky high. If the bull had had a little more breeding and sharper horns it would have made a sieve out of him. Right then he learned a basic tenet: don't try to take a bull between you and the fence because it will instinctively swerve away from the hard boards and head into your body without even aiming for you. And just to complicate matters he was told that, every once in a while, one draws a bull that hugs the fence for protection and you can make him pass well *only* between you and the fence!

He was tossed several times that day and many times afterward in the years to come. He began to see why so many boys who want to become bullfighters never make it, boys who like the pageantry and the big money and the easy women and the fast cars, but who can't stand the gaff. Every young boy in Spain and Mexico dreams of being a torero, that is, a professional bullfighter of

(continued on page 66)

some feud for thought, in the hollywood tradition

LOREN VS. MANSFIELD

The Loren lineaments were displayed in detail (right) in *Era Lui, Si, Si (It Was He, Yes, Yes)*, a vintage Italian film. But the new, more sophisticated Sophia is shown mirror-gazing below in a costume she considers better suited to her present position, with sex appeal handled more sedately.

DON'T STOP US if you've heard this before: we've heard it, too—the old "feud" bit between the European screen siren and the home-grown Hollywood honey is at least as old as the Lollobrigida-Monroe fracas of a few years back, and probably a good deal older. But there's a slightly different twist to this newest version of the story, so stick around.

In this corner, we have stackuesque Sophia Loren of Italy, an earthy girl in the classic mold, *femmina* incarnate. Early in her career (we almost said when she was but a stripling), she portrayed a bare-from-the-belly-up harem morsel in an Italian film called *Era Lui, Si, Si*, which contained scenes too torrid for even Italian consumption. Today, Signorina Loren is probably more beautiful than ever, but she reveals relatively little of that beauty to the public — a change in behavior that is not at all unusual; in fact, it's par for the course. For as starlets rise in the Hollywood heavens, becoming honest-to-gosh stars, they just seem to naturally shy away from all that sexy stuff that helped put them up there in the first place.

In the opposite corner is our good friend Jayne Mansfield of the U.S.A. Never a shrinking violet, ever an ebullient extrovert, Jayne endeared herself to us early by ever posing in both public and private in divers states of delightful dishabille. Jayne is now one of the brighter twinklers in the cinematic firmament, and it should logically follow that—like Loren, Lollobrigida, Monroe, et al. — her days of daring-undo are all behind her. But not so—the more stellar Jayne becomes, the greater the alacrity with which she divests herself of her duds. We applaud this attitude as most refreshing: Jayne has no delusions about the cause of her popularity (a noble cause it is) and to deny or ignore it at this stage of the game apparently strikes her as the worst sort of snobbery.

At a party held at Romanoff's Crown Room in Hollywood to launch Loren upon Tinseltown society, the two ladies met, eye to eye, bodice to bodice. Jayne's publicity agents had shoehorned her into a gown that, even by Hollywood standards, was cut breathtakingly low. Sophia, more decorously decked-out, lamped with anxiety the Mansfield assets — an anxiety that proved justified a few minutes later when Jayne, bending lensward, was completely taken out of herself, thus writing another charming chapter in the history of *Hollywoodensis Sexualis*.

Though a firmly established star, Jayne continues to pose for publicity photos like one above, in which she is completely nude under transparent nightie; she would throw off the nightie if her studio would let her. Below: at Romanoff's Sophia glims Jayne's southbound neckline uneasily, and with good reason; a moment after photo at right was taken, Jayne inhaled herself out of the dress completely. A news photographer snapped the picture, but UP killed it.

GORRIDA *(continued from page 62)*

some rank or other, but there are only about 30 first-class matadors (killers of selected, big bulls) in the world. Men who want to become matadors often think that somehow bullfighting will solve their problems, the way some people believe Tahiti would solve theirs.

They want to be matadors but they don't want to do what a matador has to do. They like the romance of it all, the color, the position, the being the center of attention, the getting away from whatever is bothering them, the impressing of a parent or a brother or a girl. But they don't like the hunger, the riding the rails from one village fair to another, sleeping in corrals, scrounging a cape pass here, acting as banderillero there, and always tangling with bulls that have been fought so many times that "they know Latin," ignore the cape and batter the man's underfed body. Many would-be toreros like everything about bullfighting except fighting bulls.

Fernando liked to fight bulls, any bulls. He kept at his job at the garage but he fought and practiced every chance he got. Finally when he was 19 a big break came his way. It was at the tiny ring of the Rancho del Charro and it was for free. But it was in Mexico City, and he was to kill his first animal. He'd done plenty of work with the capote and the muleta cape but he'd never had a chance to kill a bull. He did well, well enough to earn him a fight in El Torero, the second largest ring in Mexico City, also for free. In this fight he caped well, killed well, and was awarded his first ear as a trophy of a fine performance. He was immediately contracted for La Plaza Mexico, the largest bull ring in the world, which seats 50,000 people. He was paid $80, quite a different sum from the $26,000 which Manolete received in that same plaza in 1946, but it was Fernando's first bull money and he was delighted to get it. Of course it was more than used up immediately in expenses — rented costume, swords, banderilleros and picadors, bribes to the critics, and so forth, but he was on his way. It would be no time at all, he thought before he would be a full matador, not just a minor novillero, and get in on that big money and those good bulls.

But then he was badly gored in the groin. It was his baptism of blood, his first real cornada, and the toreros claim a man sheds his brave blood first. It certainly looked that way because Fernando — or El Callao, as they were billing him now because of his shyness — went way down and stayed down for the rest of the year. When he came back it was almost like starting from scratch. He went to Spain, did fairly well, but then in France he received a terrible goring in the stomach. He missed the entire season again. Back in Mexico he found that because of his long absence and bull ring politics he wasn't offered a single decent fight.

By 1956 he was ready to go back to the garage; *la fiesta brava* had beaten him to his knees. But a spark in him wasn't quite dead, and he wangled a fight with Chano Ramos, one of the new young novilleros. It was to be a *mano-a-mano* — a hand to hand contest between the two of them with no third matador on the bill. For El Callao this was it — he had to make good now or he was through.

I suppose the memory of that fight will be around as long as the people who witnessed it are. On his first bull, he strode out there like Manolete — whom he resembles — and had the crowd going wild with those fantastic right hand passes of his, passes that controlled the bull and geared down its charges so that the whole performance seemed like a slow motion film or a dream sequence. When he killed well he was awarded both ears of the dead bull and received a great ovation.

On his second bull Fernando was out to cinch his triumph, even though this animal had a dangerous left chop. On his first *quite* he flipped the cape over his head, started a *gaonera* series, and the bull slammed its head to the left halfway through the charge. The torero was flung high into the air and crashed down to the sand unconscious. His men lured the bull away and rushed El Callao to the infirmary. The doctors brought him to quickly and he saw that he hadn't been gored. He lurched to his feet but fell back groggily. He got up again and the nurses tried to make him stay down. "Watch it from here on la televisión," said one, pointing to a set on the floor.

This wasn't the best move, because El Callao took one look at Chano Ramos out there receiving tremendous applause with *his* — El Callao's — second bull, and he struggled to his feet again. "Got to go back in there!" he gasped, starting for the door shakily. But two nurses blocked his way. "I'm all right," he said. "Look, I know whether I'm all right or not!"

One of the nurses, Maria Herejón, answered him with a Spanish saying: *"Tantos años de marquesa sin saber mover el abanico?"* — "A Marquise for so many years and I don't know how to flutter a fan?" Meaning she'd been a bullfight nurse for 33 seasons and when she said a man was too groggy to go back into the ring she knew what she was talking about. With her arm around his shoulder affectionately she walked him around, helped adjust his uniform, and gave him a little more time to collect himself. Finally she said "Now!" He gave her a kiss on the cheek and ran out of the infirmary back into the arena. From the little opening in the gateway to the ring Nurse Herrejón watched him take on his third, and last, bull.

What followed then was the greatest performance that the Mexico City fans had seen in years. El Callao did every pass he'd ever learned in his 10 years of apprenticeship, and he did them closer to the horns than people believed could be possible. Later, in the cafes all over Mexico, those passes would be compared to passes by Silverio and Garza and Arruza. Especially those incredible, right handed, "in the round" passes — *"ay, chihuahua, aquellos pases en redondo!* Better than Manolete's, even slower and smoother!"

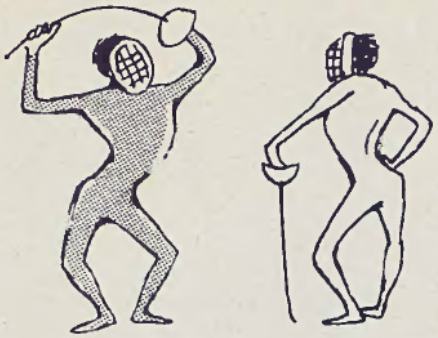
Like a king he was out there alone in the center of the world with that mass of black death charging and recharging, the two of them drunk with what they were doing. He was tossed again, frighteningly, but he climbed off the sand blazing mad and let the bull's horns pass closer to his body than before and the audience was a howling pack of maniacs. Then he lined the animal up, getting its feet together so that the shoulder blades would be open to take the sword down into the aorta. He profiled himself to the animal, sighted down the blade, shouted "toro!" once as he shook the muleta in his left hand, and then, as the bull charged, he ran — lunged forward to meet it. The two became one for a long instant before they separated. Then the bull spun twice and crashed over backwards dead.

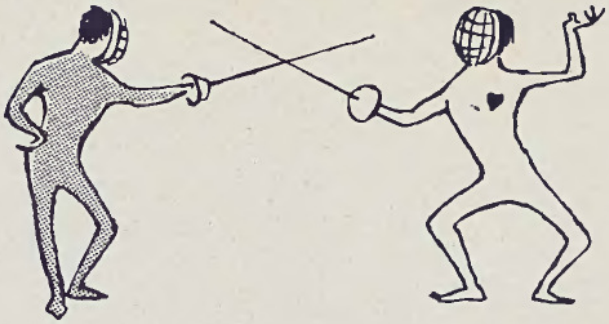
You already know what happened: The crowd began that spine-tingling chant — *"to-re-ro, to-re-ro, to-re-ro,"* the greatest tribute they can pay a matador, and the presidente signaled for one ear, and as the chant kept up, another ear, and finally the tail of the dead animal. Then the crowd spilled down into the arena and hoisted the exhausted man onto their shoulders. Fernando de los Reyes had earned his right to become a full matador, and life was good — maybe better than it would ever be again.

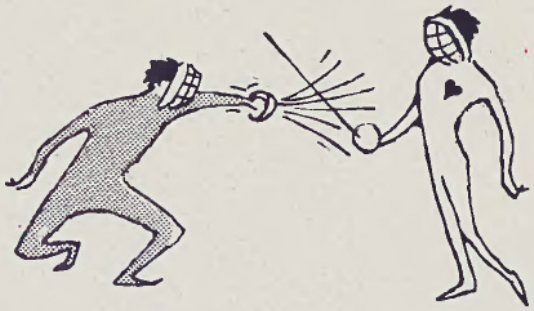
This story of the making of El Callao is really the eternal story of most matadors. People tell me that bullfighting will die out, that there is no place for it in this modern world. But I believe there will always be Callaos in Spain and Latin America, and that there will always be people who will thrill to the sight of courage in the afternoon.

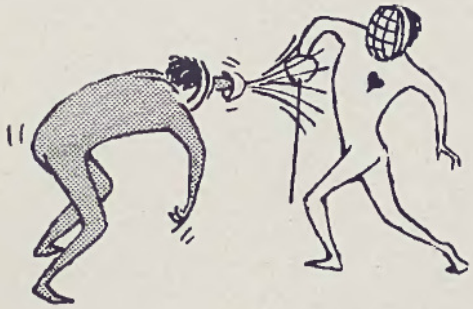
Cossio lists the biographies of over 10,000 toreros since 1700 in his monumental work, *Los Toros.* Whether the next 250 years will produce another 10,000 one cannot tell. But bullfighting,

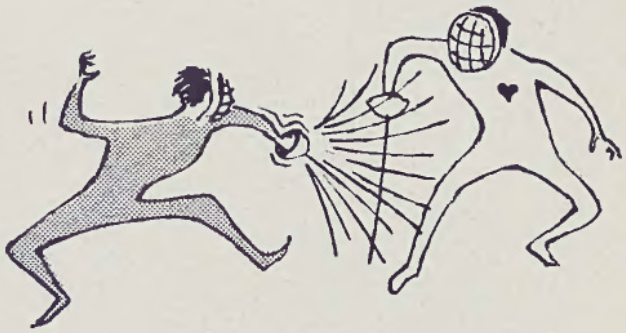
(concluded on page 74)

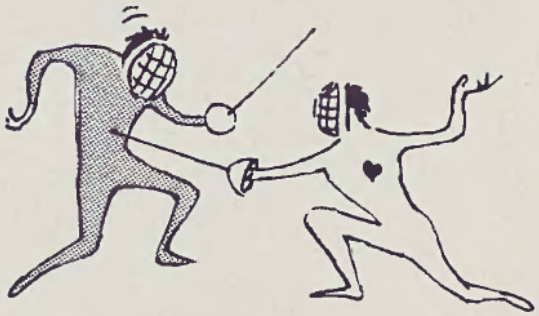


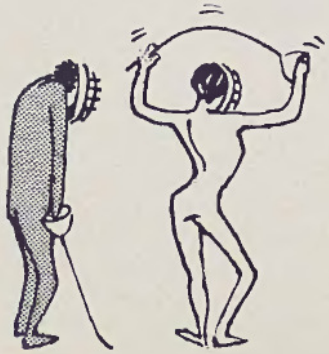












H.A. Schneider

ELLA

(continued from page 42)

"Another time, when we were touring Switzerland, instead of gossiping with the rest of the troupe on the bus, she and I would get together and she'd take some tune like *Blue Lou* and sing it every way in the world. She'd do it like Mahalia Jackson and like Sarah and finally make up new lyrics for it. She would try to exhaust every possibility, as if she were trying to develop improvisation to a new point by ad libbing lyrically too, the way Calypso singers do."

"Ella does that even on shows," recalls another musician who toured with her for years. "If there's a heckler she'll interpolate a swinging warning to him in the middle of a number, or the mike'll go wrong and she'll tell the engineer about it in words and music.

"But she's terribly sensitive socially. Whenever she hears a crowd mumbling she feels that they are discussing her — and always unfavorably. I think she lays so much stress on being accepted in music because this is the one area of life into which she feels she can fit successfully. Her marriages failed; she doesn't have an awful lot of the normal activities most women have, such as home life, so she wraps herself up entirely in music. She wants desperately to be accepted."

Lest these observations lead to the impression that Ella is a subject for the analyst's couch, let it be made clear that she is a happy extrovert whom her fellow-workers consider one of the gang, a whiz at tonk or blackjack when the cards are pulled out on bus trips. She is also endowed with many of the naively enthusiastic qualities of one of her own fans. ("Do you know who caught the show the other night? Judy Holliday — and she came backstage afterward to see me! And she went on and on about how she liked me! Imagine that — *Judy Holliday*!") Once when a restaurant owner for whom she had just tape-recorded an interview picked up the check for her dinner she expressed astonishment and intense gratitude, as if this gesture were without precedent.

Constantly contributing to the support of a number of relatives and friends, and quietly generous with her earnings, Ella has never been money-minded. Her accountant now has her on a weekly allowance; much of the rest of her earnings goes into a special savings account. Her weekly night club stipend now is never less than $5000; this year she will probably gross a cool quarter-million.

Her imperviousness to all this is best illustrated by an incident backstage at the Copa soon after her opening last spring. Several people had buttonholed her at once, her press agent and a woman who, with her two daughters, had just caught the show. The dialogue went roughly as follows:

AGENT: Ella, I have terrific news for you!

ELLA: Yes? Say, have you met this lady? She brought her daughters with her, and she says she has all my records and ——

AGENT: They want you back in the Copa next year and this time you're going to headline the show!

ELLA: Gee, that's swell. Say, Virginia, did you know this lady's two daughters buy my records too, and they came all the way from Paramus, N. J., to see me?

AGENT: Not only that, they want you for four weeks instead of two!

ELLA: Imagine — all the way from Paramus, N. J.! Virginia, hand me some paper so I can sign some autographs for this lady and her daughters!

Ella's modesty and graciousness extend to her professional life as well. "Some actresses will insist on showing their good profile and upstaging others," Granz points out. "Ella is just the opposite. When she made the album with Armstrong she insisted that he select the tunes, and sang them all in his keys even if they were the wrong keys for her. She defers completely to other people. She'll apologize for even the slightest goof, where most artists would blame (and curse out) the orchestra. She'll say 'I'm sorry, fellas, that was my fault,' when actually her little fluff comes on the heels of 10 goofs by the fiddle players."

But perhaps the real indication of Ella's stature was voiced immediately after the historic night at the Hollywood Bowl, when the classic tribute to great performers was paid by the concertmaster of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. "Ella Fitzgerald," he said, "could sing the Van Nuys telephone directory with a broken jaw and make it sound good. And that," he added, "is a particularly dull telephone directory."

THE DUKE

(continued from page 38)

what the Palace was to vaudeville. (The Palace itself was to open its stage to the band less than two years later.) Ellington was then, and is now, an imposing figure. An inch over six feet tall, sturdily built, he had an innate grandeur that would have enabled him to step with unquenched dignity out of a mud puddle. His phrasing of an announcement, the elegance of his diction, the supreme courtesy of his bow, whether to a Duchess in London or a theatre audience in Des Moines, have lent stature not only to his own career but to the whole of jazz. Since the music he represented was stifled for many years by several kinds of segregation — social, esthetic and racial — this element certainly played a vital part in bringing to jazz its full recognition, just as his music itself brought the art he epitomized to a new peak of maturity.

Though he and his band have slipped from first place in some of the popularity polls, musicians and critics remain almost unanimous in their respect for Ellington and in their conviction that nothing and nobody — no matter how loud the fanfare, how fickle the votes — can replace or surpass his position as *the* greatest figure in the 50-year dynasty of jazz. None but Ellington can claim the reverent respect of an eclectic unofficial fan club composed of Woody Herman, Milton Berle, Arthur Fiedler, Peggy Lee, Percy Faith, Deems Taylor, Pee Wee Russell, Lena Horne, Lennie Tristano, Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Dave Garroway, Cole Porter, Morton Gould, Lawrence Welk, André Kostelanetz and Gordon Jenkins, all of whom not only tossed verbal bouquets at Ellington on the occasion of the silver anniversary of his Cotton Club debut but also listed five of their favorite Ellington records. No other bandleader alive could persuade such a galaxy even to *name* five of his records, far less select the five best.

The Ellington orchestra, which aside from a few leaves of absence (including a Hollywood jaunt for its movie debut in a sleazy Amos and Andy feature, *Check and Double Check*) spent all of 1928, 1929 and 1930 at the Cotton Club, was to subside in later years into a pattern more familiar to dance orchestras, that of the floating band with occasional home bases. By 1957 Ellington and his sidemen had long been accustomed to the necessity of interminable one-night stands, with only an occasional one- or two-week stint at a major city and, very rarely, a few days of comparative leisure in New York to complete a disc date. Duke has been constantly under pressure from well-meaning friends and relatives who point out that his income might be boosted rather than diminished if he were to keep the band on salary, and on tour, for three or four months out of each year and spend the rest of his time at ease in New York, stretching his legs and mental muscles, writing music for shows and possibly acquiring the permanent television program that has long been one of his dreams. But Ellington without his musicians would be lost. "I want to have them around me to play my music," he has often said; "I'm not worried about creating music for posterity, I just want it to sound good right now!"

(continued on page 71)

NOW
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

1958 PLAYBOY PLAYMATE CALENDAR

JANUARY 1958

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Jean Jani, an airline stewardess from Dayton, transports male admirers way up to Cloud Nine.

DECEMBER 1957

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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29	30	31				

FEBRUARY 1958

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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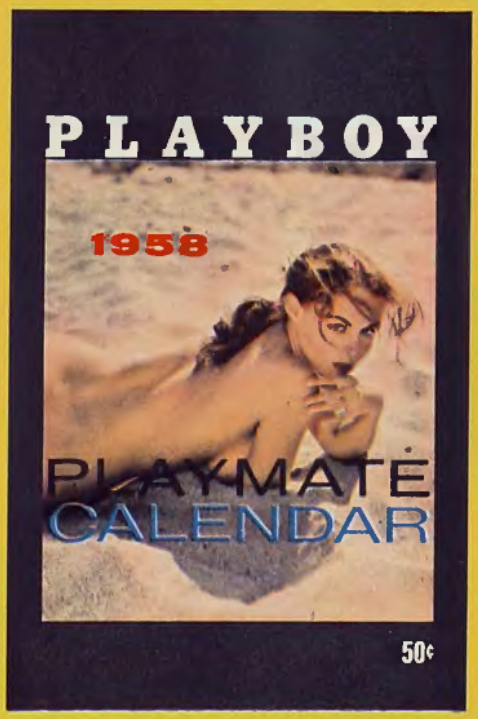

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"So this is your idea of getting me on canvas . . ."

THE DUKE *(continued from page 68)*

Ellington's background upsets most of the convenient legends that envelop jazz giants. After having the poor taste to be born not in New Orleans but in Washington, D. C., he was raised not in poverty but in relative security, the son of a successful butler who worked at the White House and at many great parties held in the Capitol's embassies. Despite the rigid Jim Crow system that held in Washington, Ellington grew up a well-adjusted child.

Duke's nickname was awarded him, in obvious deference to his elegant style and manners, by a young neighbor, Ralph (Zeb) Green. Zeb and Duke's mother both liked to play piano, but apart from a few piano lessons when he was seven, Ellington had little interest in music until his middle teens. Before then, studying at Armstrong High in Washington, he became absorbed in art, revealed a nimble talent for sketching and even won a poster contest sponsored by the NAACP. The kicks he got out of making posters and working with colors paled as he developed a more intense concern for tone colors; by the time the Pratt Institute of Applied Arts in Brooklyn had offered him a scholarship, just before he left high school, his interests had switched to music and he turned the offer down.

During this period, the ragtime surrounding Duke Ellington provided ample evidence that jazz had long been flourishing far from New Orleans, often wrongly credited as its sole birthplace. Talking of the "two-fisted piano players" of that era, he recalls "men like Sticky Mack and Doc Perry and James P. Johnson and Willie 'The Lion' Smith . . . With their left hand, they'd play big chords for the bass note, and just as big ones for the offbeat . . . they did things technically you wouldn't believe." He had little time for the garrulous Jelly Roll Morton, whose reputation was built on Jelly's own ego rather than on musical values: "Jelly Roll played piano like one of those high school teachers in Washington; as a matter of fact, high school teachers played better jazz."

Ellington's informal music education, acquired from pianists he heard around Washington and later in New York, combined with his meager formal training, enabled him to make a substantial living out of music almost from the outset. Engaged in sign-painting by day and combo gigs by night, he was well enough fixed financially to get married in June, 1918, to Edna Thompson, whom he had known since their grade school days. The following year Mercer Ellington was born. By 1919, supplying bands for parties and dances, Duke was making upward of $150 a week. He attributes much of this early success to his decision to buy the largest advertisement in the orchestra section of Washington's classified telephone directory.

Ellington's first sojourn in New York in 1922 — with Sonny Greer, Toby Hardwicke, Elmer Snowden and Arthur Whetsel — was the only period in his life marked by real poverty. Jobs were so scarce, Duke remembers with a smile, that at one point they were forced to split a hot dog five ways. With the help of Ada Smith, who was later to achieve a degree of fame in Europe under the cognomen "Bricktop," the band opened at Barron's up in Harlem under Snowden's nominal leadership. When they moved into a cellar club called the Hollywood at 49th and Broadway, Duke became the leader and Freddy Guy took over Snowden's banjo chair. This was their first downtown job, and it was during their incumbency at the Hollywood, later known as the Kentucky Club, that they made their first records.

The Kentucky Club era, which lasted four-and-a-half years, provided a warm storehouse of memories for the band: memories of wild breakfast parties after the job; of the patronage of Paul Whiteman and his musicians, working a block down Broadway at the Palais Royale; of $50 and $100 tips; Duke's first attempt to write the score for a show (*The Chocolate Kiddies*, in 1924, which never made Broadway, but ran for two years in Berlin); and the uninhibited bathtub gin busts of Duke, Bubber Miley and Toby Hardwicke in the very face of prohibition.

Ted Husing, one of the early and regular ringsiders, helped to secure the band its first broadcasts at the Kentucky Club. *East St. Louis Toddle-O*, a minor-to-major lament with an acute accent on plunger-muted brass, became the band's radio theme.

"I'll never forget the first time I heard Edward's music," says his sister Ruth. "Of course, we'd heard him at home, playing ragtime, but here he was playing his own music with his own band on the radio from New York, coming out of this old-fashioned horn-speaker. I think radio had just about been invented, or at least just launched commercially.

"It was quite a shock. Here we were, my mother and I, sitting in this very respectable, Victorian living room in Washington, my mother so puritanical she didn't even wear lipstick, and the announcer from New York tells us we are listening to 'Duke Ellington and his *Jungle* Music'! It sounded very strange and dissonant to us."

Black and Tan Fantasy, on which Bubber growled the famous interpolation from Chopin's *Funeral March*, may have horrified the Ellington family, but it succeeded in catching the attention of a man named Irving Mills. A successful song publisher who was beginning to extend his practice by dabbling in the management of artists, Mills soon formed a corporation in which he and Duke each owned 45% and a lawyer the other 10%. It was the start of a partnership that lasted through the Thirties, through the first great years of the Ellington story. Confident that his counsel and guidance were tantamount to full collaboration, Mills published the Ellington songs and also appeared on record labels and sheet music as co-composer of most of the famous Ellington hits of the Thirties, among them *Mood Indigo*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Solitude* and *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart*. Mills wrote years later that he "withdrew" from his relationship with Duke because he sensed that Ellington had "fallen into a different attitude toward his music, and was taking off into what I thought to be a wrong direction." This claim was never disputed, nor was Ellington ever quoted on his side of the story. His characteristic avoidance of subjects that could not be discussed without personal recriminations precluded any public comment.

Matters about which Ellington feels more able to comment include a rundown of several high spots in his career, such as the band's first gig at the Palace Theatre when they opened the show with *Dear Old Southland*. "The men hadn't memorized their parts," recalls Duke, "and the show opened on a darkened stage. When I gave the down beat, nothing happened — the men couldn't see a note."

A somewhat more recent highlight, but one that flickered out prematurely, was 1941's *Jump for Joy*, a stage review in which the whole band took part. "A number of critics felt this was the hippest Negro musical," says Duke, but this fact notwithstanding, the show ran for only three months in L.A. and never got the New York unveiling for which every Ellington well-wisher had hoped.

The evening of Saturday, January 23, 1943, was auspicious not only for Ellington, but for jazz itself. This was the first Ellington concert at Carnegie Hall and it was given under conditions that could not be duplicated today. A concert by a jazz orchestra was a rare novelty then (the last comparable event had been Benny Goodman's, five years earlier), and the orchestra played a new work, *Black, Brown and Beige*, described by the Duke as a "tone parallel to the history of the American Negro." In its original form, it ran for a full 50 minutes and was easily the most ambitious, spectacular and successful extension of Ellingtonia to longer musical forms.

As Ellington has pointed out, the

quality of the appreciation, the attentiveness of the 3000 who listened that night, was "a model of audience reaction that has proved hard to duplicate." Ironically, when an Ellington jubilee concert was set for November, 1952, the presentation of a self-sufficient orchestra introducing original works was no longer considered desirable: it was announced that the show would also include Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Stan Getz and others. The concept of a jazz concert as Ellington had visualized it was dead.

To bring his listing up to date, Ellington would have to add the chaotic scene at Newport, Rhode Island, during the three-day jazz festival in July, 1956. During an extended and revitalized version of a fast blues entitled *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*, first recorded in 1938 and lengthened on this occasion to 14 minutes and 59 choruses, Ellington and his band whipped the audience into such a frenzy that elder jazz statesmen present could recall no comparable scene since the riots occasioned in the aisles of New York's Paramount Theatre two decades earlier during Benny Goodman's first wave of glory.

During the years of his undisputed acceptance as leader of the world's foremost jazz orchestra, and as the most distinguished of jazz composers, Ellington's career moved forward in three different areas. From the economic standpoint the most important was his work as a song writer. Some of his biggest hits were written casually in taxis, trains and recording studios (but never in planes; his aversion to flying is intense) and are simple single-note lines designed to be set to lyrics; others, whether written casually or more formally, were primarily instrumentals for the orchestra but were later furnished with lyrics. At this stage, Ellington is in the field with Cole Porter, and Richard Rodgers.

From the esthetic standpoint, Ellington's significance as a contributor to the culture of the Twentieth Century lies in his orchestrations of original music for the instrument he plays best – his own orchestra. These range from simple blues and stomps to such elaborate efforts as the *Liberian Suite*, *New World A-Comin'*, *Blue Belles of Harlem* and *Blutopia*, all of which were heard during the annual Carnegie Hall series but few of which have been preserved on records. In this department, Ellington's counterparts are Jimmy Giuffre, John Lewis, Shorty Rogers, Ralph Burns and a large number of other men, none of whom has yet achieved anything approaching the stature of Ellington.

Thirdly, there is Ellington the dance band leader, who occasionally tries for a hit record and comes up with something like *Twelfth Street Rag Mambo* or *Isle of Capri Mambo* in an attempt to sail with a prevailing trade wind. This Ellington, more acutely conscious in recent years of the implacable exigencies of the commercial world, is wont to open a dance date or even a stage show with an arrangement of *Stompin' at the Savoy*, which was neither composed nor arranged by anyone in the band and has about as much of the Ellington stamp as a Sammy Kaye arrangement of *Solitude*. In this sphere, Ellington's competitors include Ray Anthony, Count Basie, and Woody Herman.

Not content to limit himself to mere composing, orchestrating and leading a band, Ellington has also set his sights on other fields. As a composer-dramatist he was responsible in 1956-7 for *A Drum Is a Woman*, a sort of jazz-tinged opera-cum-ballet in which he was the slightly specious narrator; earlier he had shown himself capable of achieving a simple beauty in the pyramid-lined construction of *The Blues*, the only lyricized passage in *Black, Brown and Beige*, and a sophisticated brand of hip humor in *Monologue*. As a librettist he has had a few misadventures: one hears of his plans to stage his own Broadway musical, or a straight drama, or a comedy with music, or some other venture that fails to materialize after months of rumors. "What the hell, you have to have some direction, you've got to go somewhere," he was heard to remark recently when his insistence on entering this field was questioned. Having scaled every mountain peak available to him, he has had to look for new heights to conquer. "I'm so damned fickle," he once said. "I never could stick with what I was doing – always wanted to try something new."

Ellington's personality is riddled with paradoxes. "I may be a heel," he is reported to have said, "but I hate for people to think so." His warm personal attachments are few, but intense. When his mother died a lingering death in 1935, he was at her bedside for the last three days, inconsolably grief-stricken. Two years later his father died in a New York hospital with both his children beside him. His sister Ruth, 16 years his junior, became Duke's closest friend and confidante. Dr. Arthur Logan, the family physician for the past 20 years, caters to his hypochondriacal tendencies. Fundamentally strong and healthy, Ellington gave up his heavy drinking around 1940, but never stopped indulging his insatiable appetite until, in 1956, he embarked on a diet and reduced his contours by some 35 pounds.

Ellington's vanity takes strange turns. His son, Mercer, tall and good-looking like his father, has had several chaotic careers – bandleader, trumpet player, band manager, liquor salesman, record company executive, and general aide-de-camp to his father – and has suffered from Duke's vacillations between parental pride and the desire to hide from the calendar. Mercer played E-flat horn in the Ellington band for a few months in 1950, but was dropped without notice from Ellington Sr.

Ellington's customary demeanor, with strangers or casual friends, is one of sardonic badinage or subtle sarcasm that catches the victim unaware. "We are indeed honored by the presence of such luminous company," he will say with a low bow to a song publisher with whose company he would be delighted to dispense. His capacity for small talk is endless. Complimented by a feminine guest on a striking blue and gray checked jacket he wore during a recent Birdland engagement, he promptly rejoined: "Yes, I was up all afternoon sitting at the loom, weaving it to impress you." It is difficult to coax him into an intellectual discussion; his reluctance to bruise any feelings and his desire to remain noncontroversial are jointly responsible.

Ellington is a magnificent and magniloquent mixer, as befits one who, alone

FEMALES BY COLE: 41

Lazy

among jazz musicians, enjoys the respect of Leopold Stokowski (who came in alone to the Cotton Club, sat discussing the music with Duke and invited him to his own concert the following evening at Carnegie Hall); President Truman ("whom I found very affable and musically informed," during a half-hour private audience at the White House); the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor: "he sat in with us on drums in London and surprised everybody, including Sonny Greer"); George, Duke of Kent ("I fluffed off the guy who kept requesting tunes all night, then found out he was the King's son"); as well as Jackie Gleason and Orson Welles.

Some of his fans have wondered why Ellington, who used to set so many trends, has tended to follow others in recent years. His was the first band to use the human voice as a wordless musical instrument (*Creole Love Call*, in 1927); first to devote an entire work to a single jazz soloist (*Clarinet Lament* for Barney Bigard, in 1936); first to use extended forms beyond the standard three-minute length of the 78 rpm record (the six-minute *Creole Rhapsody* and 12-minute *Reminiscing in Tempo* in the Thirties); first to use the bass as a melody solo instrument (Jimmy Blanton, 1939); first to make elaborate use of rubber-plunger mutes and Latin rhythms in the U.S. Asked why he now reverts to the likes of *In the Mood* and *One O'Clock Jump*, which have none of the Ellington sound, and why he writes so few new long works, he remarks brusquely that nobody can dictate to him what is meant by "the Ellington sound," that the pieces thus criticized are warmly received by the audience, and that there is no call for the longer works. Perhaps this can be explained by one of his greatest frustrations — that *Black, Brown and Beige* was coolly received by a number of critics and was never recorded in its entirety.

Ellington's oldest and closest friend within the band is Harry Carney, now in his 31st year as an Ellingtonian, and usually Duke's driving companion between one-night stands. Musically, his closest ties are with Billy Strayhorn, his sidekick for almost two decades. Ever since he joined the orchestra, Ellington has had an almost telepathic understanding with "Strays," whose writing for the band so closely resembles Ellington's own that veteran bandsmen are sometimes unable to discern where one leaves off and the other begins. Ellington, a lenient employer, gives him complete freedom to come and go as he pleases, a freedom Strayhorn exercised not long ago to the extent of wandering off briefly into a job as accompanist to his friend Lena Horne.

The Ellington employment policy has

(concluded on page 77)

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GORRIDA

(continued from page 66)

anachronistic as it is in this jet and atomic world of today, appears to be here to stay; for example, there were 288 corridas in Spain in 1945, as opposed to only 241 in 1915, and this year there should be close to 300. The extraordinary interest manifested by Americans in the last 10 years should insure steady customers by itself. Bullfighting books and records are best-sellers, there is a rash of bullfighting movies, and the torero's costume has influenced Milady's wardrobe quite considerably.

Periodically there are attempts to hold corridas in the United States, but they are generally abortive attempts in Texas or bloodless parodies in California. Far from encouraging this activity, I deplore it and will do anything to discourage bringing bullfights to the United States. This country is culturally, historically and ethically incapable of producing an El Callao, just as it is incapable of furnishing an arena with 50,000 people who would deliriously chant "to-re-ro" to a man who'd risked his neck to do a couple of arabesques around a bull.

No — let us leave la fiesta to the Latins, to the El Callaos, for only they truly have the proper talent and history and breeding and decadence to savour the pagan spectacle, to know how to enjoy the death ritual. Let us continue to go to the source. Let the gates of fear continue to swing on their original hinges in their original sites, for when the bolt is thrown they creak open onto yellow sand that is steeped in centuries of blood and lore with layer upon layer of cowardice and bravery on top.

THE DEADLY WILL

(continued from page 52)

while. I got Andy Gammon's garage backing me — they're in Pinetop? — see, and the thing is, I'm kind of after 36. You know? The blown Ford?"

"Yeah."

"So, what I mean is, if you can pass me, what the hell, go on, know what I mean? But, uh — if you can't, I'd appreciate it if you'd stay out of my way." The kid's eyes looked hard and angry. "I mean I really want me that Ford."

Buck lit his cigar, carefully. "I'll do what I can," he said.

"Thanks a lot," the kid said. Then he winked. "I got the chick along, see. She thinks I'm pretty good. I don't want to let her down; you know?" He slapped Buck's arm and walked back to his car, walked lightly, on the balls of his feet. His jeans were tight and low on his waist and the bottoms were stuffed into a pair of dark boots. He doesn't have a worry, Buck thought. He may be a little scared, but he's not worried. It's better that way.

The sun began to throb and the heat soaked into Buck's clothes and he began to feel the old impatience, the agony of waiting. Why the hell did they always take so damn long? he wondered. No reason for it.

He started to walk across the track, but the plate in his leg was acting up — it did that whenever it rained — and he sat down instead. His face was wet; dirt had caked into the shiny scar tissue behind his ear, and perspiration beaded the tips of the black hairs that protruded from his nostrils. He looked over and saw Tommy Linden and the girl in the pink dress. She was whispering something into the kid's ear; he was laughing.

Damn the heat! He wiped his face, turned from Tommy Linden and the girl and rechecked his tires. Then he checked them again. Then it was time for the first race, a five-lap trophy dash. It didn't count for anything.

The race started; the two Fords shot ahead at once; Buck gunned the Chevy and took off after them. Number 14 spent too much time spinning its wheels and had to drop behind. But it stayed there, weaving to the right, then to the left, pushing hard. Buck knew he could hold his position — anyone could in a five-lapper — but he decided not to take any chances; it didn't mean a goddamn. So he swung wide and let the Pontiac rush past on the inside. It fishtailed violently with the effort, but remained on the track.

Within a couple of minutes it was over, and Buck's Chevy was the only car that had been passed: he'd had no trouble holding off the Mercs, and they kept daylight between themselves and the Fury.

But of course it meant nothing. The short heats were just to fill up time for the crowd; nobody took them seriously.

A bunch of motorcycles went around for 10 laps, softening up the dirt even more; there were two more dashes; and then it was time for the big one — for the 150 lap Main Event.

Once again Buck pulled into line; it was to be an inverted start. Fast cars to the rear, slow cars in front.

He slipped carefully into the shoulder harness, cinched the safety belt tight across his lap, checked the doors, and put on his helmet. It was hot, but he might as well get used to it; he'd have the damn thing on for a long time.

Number 14 skidded slightly beside him, its engine howling. Tommy Linden fitted his helmet on and stretched theatrically. His eyes met Buck's and held.

"You know what?" Linden yelled. "I don't think them two Fords is exactly stock, you know what I mean?"

Buck smiled. The kid's OK, he thought. A pretty nice kid. "Well, are *you*?" he shouted.

"Hell, no!" Linden roared with amusement.

"Me either."

"What?"

The loudspeaker crackled. "Red Norris will now introduce the drivers!"

Up ahead, the track was like a rained-on mountain trail; great clots of mud and sticky pools of black surfaced it all the way around; there wasn't a clear hard spot anywhere.

Buck glanced over at number 14 and saw Tommy Linden waving up at the grandstand. A middle-aged man waved back. Buck turned away.

"Gonna let me get him?" The kid was pointing at number 36.

"I wanted to start my own bank."

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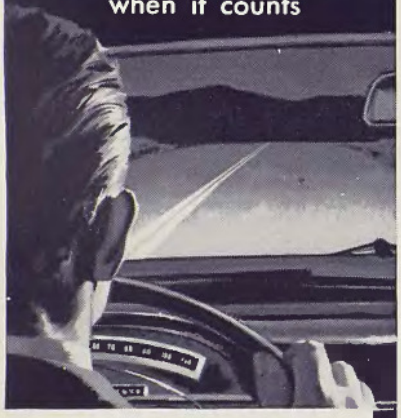

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"Don't ask me! Ask him!"

"Yeah, why don't I do that!"

After the introductions, the official starter walked up with a green flag, furled. The drivers all buckled their helmets. The silence lasted a moment, then was torn by the successive explosions that trembled out of the 19 racing stock cars.

Buck stopped smiling; he stopped thinking of Tommy Linden, of any other human being. He thought only of the moments to come. I'll follow 36 he decided, let it break trail; then I'll hang on. That's all I have to do. Just don't get too damn close to the wall. You don't want to spend time pounding out a door. Be smooth. Hang on to 36 and you're in hardware.

The cars roared like wounded lions for almost a full minute, and some sounded healthy while others coughed enough to show that they were not so healthy; then the man with the flag waved them off, in a bunch, for the rolling start. Buck could see the Pontiac straining at the leash, inching forward, and he kept level. They circulated slowly around, the starter judged them, he judged they were all right, and gave them the flag.

It was a race.

Buck immediately cut his wheel for a quick nip inside the Pontiac, but the kid was quicker; he'd anticipated the move and edged to the right to hold Buck off. At the first turn, number 14 threw its rear around viciously, and Buck knew he'd have to kiss the wall and bull through or drop back. He dropped back. There was plenty of time.

He followed the Pontiac closely, but he found that it was not so easy after all. The car cowboyed through every turn, scaring off the tail-enders, and it was everything he could do to hang on. Ahead, the Fords were threading their way through traffic with great ease, leaving a wake of thick mud.

He relaxed some and allowed the long years of his experience to guide the car. Gradually the Pontiac was picking off the stragglers; within 15 minutes it had passed the fifth place Mercury, and was drawing up on four.

You better not try it, Buck said. Those boys aren't working too hard. They can go a lot faster. I hope you know that.

But the Pontiac didn't settle down, it didn't slacken its pace any, and Buck knew that he would have to revise his strategy. He'd planned to wait for number 14 to realize that it couldn't hope for better than a third; then he was going to bluff him. You can bluff them when the fever's passed, when they're not all out and driving hard.

But he could see that he wasn't going to be able to bluff the Pontiac.

He could only outdrive him, nerf him

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a little, maybe, shake him up, cause him to bobble that one time, and then streak by.

Once the decision was made, Buck moved well back in the seat. They were about halfway through now. Give it seven more laps; then make the bid.

He swung past a beat-up Dodge on the north turn and was about to correct when the driver lost it. The Dodge went into a frenzied spin, skimmed across the muddy track and bounded off the wall. Buck yanked his tape-covered wheel violently to the left, then to the right, and managed to avoid the car. Damn! Now number 14 was four up and going like the wind. Well. Buck put his bumper next to the Merc in front of him and stabbed the accelerator. The Merc wavered, moved over; Buck went by. It worked on the second car, too; and he was in position to catch 14 as it was passing a Ford on the short straight.

He waited another three laps, until they were out of the traffic somewhat, and began to ride the Pontiac's tail. They both hit a deep rut and both fishtailed, but no more than three inches of daylight showed between them.

Buck tried to pass on the west turn by swinging left and going in a little deeper, but the Pontiac saw him and went just as deep; both missed the wall by less than a foot.

Perspiration began to course down Buck's forehead, and when he tried nerfing 14, and found that it wouldn't work, that 14 wasn't going to scare, the thought suddenly brushed his mind that perhaps he would not finish third after all. But if he didn't, then he wouldn't be able to pay for gas to the next town or for a hotel, even, or nothing.

His shoulders hunched forward, and Buck Larsen began to drive; not the way he had been driving for the past two years, but as he used to, when he was young and worried about very little, when he had friends and women.

You want to impress your girlfriend, he said to the Pontiac.

I just want to go on eating.

He made five more passes during the following six laps, and twice he almost made it, but the track was just a little too short, a little too narrow, and he was forced to drop behind each time.

When he was almost certain that the race was nearing its finish, he realized that other tactics would have to be used. He clung to 14's bumper through the traffic on the straight; then, as they dived into the south turn, he hung back for a fraction of a second — long enough to put a bit of space between them. Then he pulled down onto the inside and pushed the accelerator flat. The Chevy jumped forward; in a moment it was nearly even with the Pontiac.

Buck considered nothing whatever except keeping his car in control; he knew

that the two of them were at that spot, right there, where one would have to give; but he didn't consider any of this.

The two cars entered the turn together, and the crowd screamed and some of the people got to their feet and some closed their eyes. Because neither car was letting off.

Neither car was slowing.

Buck did not move his foot on the pedal; he did not look at the driver to his right; he plunged deeper, and deeper, up to the point where he knew that he would lose control, even under the best of conditions; the edge, the final thin edge of destruction.

He stared straight ahead and fought the wheel through the turn, whipping it back and forth, correcting, correcting.

Then, it was all over.

He was through the turn; and he was through first.

He didn't see much of the accident: only a glimpse, in his rear view mirror, a brief flash of the Pontiac swerving to miss the wall, losing control, going up high on its nose and teetering there . . .

A flag stopped the race. Two other cars had crashed into the Pontiac, and number 14 was on fire. It wasn't really a bad fire, at first, but the automobile had landed on its right side, and the left side was bolted and there were bars on the window, so they had to get it cooled off before they could pull the driver out.

He hadn't broken any bones. But something had happened to the fuel line and the hood had snapped open and the windshield had collapsed and some gasoline had splashed onto Tommy Linden's shirt. The fumes had caught and he'd burned long enough.

He was dead before they got him into the ambulance.

Buck Larsen looked at the girl in the pink dress and tried to think of something to say, but there wasn't anything to say; there never was.

He collected his money for third place — it amounted to $350 — and put the mufflers back on the Chevy and drove away from the race track, out onto the long highway.

The wind was hot on his face, and soon he was tired and hungry again; but he didn't stop, because if he stopped he'd sleep, and he didn't want to sleep, not yet. He thought one time of number 14, then he lowered the shutters and didn't think any more.

He drove at a steady 70 miles per hour and listened to the whine of the engine. She would be all right for another couple of runs, he could tell, but then he would have to tear her down.

Maybe not, though.

Maybe not.

THE DUKE

(continued from page 73)

always been unique. The idea of firing anyone is so repugnant to Duke that he will tolerate unparalleled degrees of insubordination. It is no less painful to him to find a sideman quitting without due cause, which in his eyes means nothing less than complete physical disability or retirement. Men stepping out to form their own groups have hurried off the bandstand to the echo of Ellington's laconic comment, "He'll be back," and in a matter of months or years this has almost always been true. Johnny Hodges, Ray Nance and Cat Anderson, all members of the 1957 orchestra, had at one time left to launch ventures of their own that petered out.

Observers of Ellington rehearsals, and even of public performances at which two or three men may amble in an hour late, find it hard to believe that the apparent lack of band morale can produce such exemplary music. They are no less bewildered by the team spirit in the brass, reed and rhythm sections, despite the fact that certain men may not be on speaking terms with Ellington or each other or both.

Duke's escapism and aloofness have had the valuable effect of keeping him clear of any musical hybridization, any involvement with other musical forms. He rarely listens to classical music, but when he does, his taste runs to such works as Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe*, Debussy's *La Mer* and *Afternoon of a Faun* and Delius' *In A Summer Garden*.

In addition to its complete independence from classical and modern concert music, Ellington's orchestration technique cannot be said to have founded any particular school within jazz itself. Direct imitation has often been found in the recordings of Charlie Barnet, Woody Herman and others; the impact of Ellington on Ralph Burns and other contemporary arrangers is unmistakable. Yet there is no true parallel between Ellington and any lesser jazz scorer comparable to that which exists, say, between Milhaud and Pete Rugolo. The reason is simple: Ellington's works remain inscrutable. He has never allowed his orchestrations to be published, preferring to take the secrets of his voicings on solo journey to posterity.

The result is best summed up by André Previn, a musician who was not yet born when the Cotton Club era began. "You know," said Previn, "another band leader can stand in front of a thousand fiddles and a thousand brass, give the down beat, and every studio arranger can nod his head and say 'Oh, yes, that's done like this.' But Duke merely lifts his finger, three horns make a sound, and nobody knows what it is!"

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Holiday Smorgasbord

(continued from page 36)

paper thin. One of the most natural candidates for a smorgasbord table is thinly sliced smoked turkey. Corned pigs' head made into a jellied loaf known as head cheese is a traditional Swedish meat for the holiday season. In large city gourmet stores you can buy canned game such as wild boar, venison, pheasant and mallard duck. If you and your guests are game fiends and appreciate the rich high flavor of these viands, you can now obtain them for about $1.50 to $2.50 per pound, cooked weight. Naturally if you have your own game, frozen or hanging in your club refrigerator, you'll want it for the smorgasbord. Alongside your meat platters, arrange relish dishes filled with such liveners as *senfgerken* (imported cucumber pickles with a mustard flavor), burr gherkins, pickled English black walnuts and the Swedish preserved lingonberries or the German *preiselbeeren*, both tart cousins of the cranberry.

CHEESE TRAY

First on the cheese tray is the Swedish gjetost, a chocolate colored hard cheese made from caramelized goat's milk. Gjetost has a sweet intense flavor that must be "learned" before it's appreciated. There are many caraway-flecked cheeses of which Scandinavians are very fond. They may be bought in imported or domestic versions. Danish munster or Dutch gouda cheeses are both fine recruits for a smorgasbord. Cut a few slices off each cheese, and leave the remainder standing with a knife or cheese slicer nearby.

Yeomen of the holiday table who want to put their own personal signature on a smorgasbord are always eager to create some of their own dishes for the feast days. PLAYBOY's smorgasbord recipes which follow are all designed for 10 smorgasbord (snack size) portions.

HERRING AND APPLE SALAD

In a large salad bowl combine 3 cups diced boiled potatoes, 1 cup diced canned beets (well drained), 2 sweet red apples (pared, cored and cut into dice), 1⅓ cups diced matjes herring fillets or herring tidbits, 6 tablespoons salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar and 1 tablespoon finely chopped scallion. Toss thoroughly. Let the mixture stand in the refrigerator for at least one day before serving. Salt may be added if necessary, but the salt of the herring is usually sufficient.

SALMON AND EGG SALAD WITH CAPERS

Boil a 1 lb. salmon steak until tender. Drain and chill the salmon. Remove bones and skin, and break salmon into chunks. In a mixing bowl combine salmon chunks, 3 hard-boiled eggs cut into dice, ½ cup mayonnaise, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon drained capers and 2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh dill. Toss lightly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Turn salmon salad into a bowl lined with lettuce leaves. Sprinkle a few capers over the top of the salad. Garnish the salad with wedges of tomato and large ripe olives.

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

Break two slices of stale hard white bread into small chunks. Soak the bread in ½ cup light cream. Set aside. Boil 1 medium size potato until soft. Force the potato through a ricer to mash. Chop 1 medium size onion extremely fine. Put the onion in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon butter and slowly sauté until the onion turns yellow. In a deep mixing bowl combine the bread and cream, mashed potato, onions, 1 beaten egg, ¾ lb. lean ground beef, ¼ lb. lean ground pork, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon ground allspice and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Mix very well until no pieces of bread are visible. Shape into balls 1-inch in diameter. Place the balls in a shallow baking pan. Place the pan in an oven preheated to 475°. Bake until the meat balls are brown, about 20 minutes, turning once.

In a large saucepan melt 2 tablespoons butter. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour, blending well. Gradually add a 10½ ounce can of condensed consommé, stirring with a wire whisk until smooth. When the sauce comes to a boil, add the browned meat balls. Turn the flame very low. Cook, covered, for ½ hour, stirring occasionally. Stir in ¼ cup light cream. Bring to a boil. Turn off flame. Add brown gravy color very slowly, stirring until the sauce is a rich brown color. Season to taste.

SWEDISH BROWN BEANS

Soak 1 lb. white pea beans in 2 quarts cold water overnight. Chop 2 medium size onions and 2 medium size cloves of garlic extremely fine. Cut ¼ lb. bacon slices into very small dice or chop the bacon with a heavy knife until it is minced. In a large heavy stewing pot combine the bacon, onions and garlic. Cook over a slow flame, stirring frequently until onions just turn yellow. Do not brown bacon. Add the beans together with the water in which they were soaked. Add 1 pint additional cold water. Bring to a boil. Add 4 chicken bouillon cubes. Cook the beans slowly, keeping the pot covered, for 1 hour. Add ⅓ cup dark molasses, ¼ cup dark brown sugar, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard and 1 teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet. Add salt and pepper to taste. Continue to cook beans over a very slow flame for about 1 hour more or until tender. Watch the pot carefully, stirring the beans on the bottom to avoid scorching, keeping the flame low all the time. Swedish brown beans should be prepared the day before the smorgasbord and should be reheated just before serving.

Maybe you've noticed we have intentionally avoided all those charming little Scandinavian accent marks over the word "smorgasbord" throughout this article. That's because we've naturally used the word quite a few times and we were afraid the pages might get to looking as if someone had shaken pepper all over them. Also, few people in this country pronounce the word in the authentic Swedish manner, anyway. But for those few purists who insist on having every accent in its proper place—here you are: ¨ ¨ ¨

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THE TRUTH

(continued from page 61)

would be before she could see Rufus and ask him what to do.

Rufus could not contrive a satisfactory solution to this problem, and it grieved him to think of his sweet Aenea's hand being crushed by the cruel stone jaws, so he secured the services of a professional wise man.

"The spirits say," said the wise man after being paid, "that you must disguise yourself as the most poverty-stricken farmer you can imagine. You must carry a few farm implements for the sake of reality, and above all you must have some of those tweezers farmers use for pulling thorns out of their hides, and even one little thorn to be shown when the time comes."

"I can't see what all this is for," interrupted Rufus angrily. "Tweezers, thorns . . ."

"All in good time," snapped the wise man. "Now: when you're dressed as I have ordered, go to the intersection of the Via Ostia and the Avenue of the Colosseum, and wait. It is here that Aenea Sabelina will pass with her husband and his relatives on their way to The Stone of Truth. You will have to get word to the lady that you will be the farmer and that she must pretend to step on a thorn precisely at the intersection. You will 'remove' the thorn from her foot. You will take her foot in your hands, press it as though trying to squeeze the thorn out, and finally you will use the tweezers after you have pricked her foot with the thorn you will have for the purpose. When they all see the thorn and the blood, Aenea and her companions will go on to The Stone of Truth, and she will take *this oath and no other*. Lean over and let me whisper the exact wording into your ear."

Rufus leaned over and a broad smile spread across his face.

When the hour for the oath had come, when all was in readiness and Aenea had been carefully informed of the part she was to play, she approached the intersection, complained of a pain, and submitted her foot to a passing farmer who came forward with tweezers with which he offered to extract the thorn. Everything went as planned down to the finest detail. With head held high and leaning on her husband's arm, Aenea Sabelina proceeded directly to The Stone of Truth. Thrusting her hand deep into the fierce jaws, she spoke in a firm and clear voice.

"I swear," she said, "that since my marriage to Scipio Torcatus and indeed before, as he who consummated the marriage well knows, no other man has touched my person except that good man who just now pulled the thorn from my foot."

The terrible stone jaws remained open; those who had accused Aenea went home with sheepish looks; and Torcatus returned to the wars a happy man. Aenea, however, after that, seemed always to be suffering from some complaint, for scarcely a day passed when she did not require the services of the good doctor Rufus.

— Translated by J. A. Gato

"Say, isn't that your wife that just came in, honey?"

Buttondown Boys

(continued from page 32)

were through. The scene would have to be edited out. Luckily, the men in the raft weren't badly hurt. "Strike it!" I called wearily and the Weasels came bumping down through the drifted snow to be loaded. That's all there was, there wasn't any more.

At the base, I gave the order to pack up for the flight back to the States. Operations promised us a plane first thing in the morning.

Mike had his farewell party started before he got his mittens off. He invited everybody and it was just shaping up into a real wing-ding when there was a knock on the door. It was Colonel Nesbitt. The security major was with him and you could smell trouble like garbage burning in their pockets. As they came in, I saw a couple of M.P.s standing in the hall.

The Colonel laid it right out: "Dozen A-67-R capsules missing."

"Missing?" Bert gasped.

The major read from his records: "February 11th — 40 out, 20 returned, 8 used, 12 unaccounted for."

"All military personnel and native civilian workers have been restricted to the base, MacClure," the Colonel said. "Nobody has left since your gang got back. Whoever took those capsules is still here. The M.P.s are going to search everybody."

"Have a drink, everybody," Mikur muttered thickly.

Mentally, I was on my third Miltown. "OK, Colonel," I said, my voice sounding far away, "start searching."

Those M.P.s made the old fine-tooth comb look like a garden rake. They cased every room, closet by closet, drawer by drawer. They didn't miss a corner or a cranny. And they found the capsules. Eight of them anyway. In the neckband of one of Ted's shirts.

The room was deathly silent. The capsules lay in the M.P.'s open hand like drops of guilt. Nobody moved. Ted's face was like suet. I could hear somebody's watch ticking.

Finally the Colonel asked, "Where are the rest of them?"

Ted shook his head woodenly. "I don't know. I don't know anything about any of them. I didn't . . ." His voice trailed off.

"I'm afraid you're under arrest, Pennoyer. I'll radio the States to expect you. You'll go under guard."

When they'd gone, Ted turned to me. "Is this for real?" he asked in a dazed voice. His eyes were wide and there was a little dry coating in each corner of his mouth. "Believe me, Mac, I didn't take those damn things. You have my word."

I tried to smile. "That's good enough for me."

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It wasn't for the Colonel, though. With Bert, he was waiting for me in the hall when I came out. "He's dead, MacClure," he said. "Timmer here tells me he needed money. Two, we all know he spent a lot of time with Pesdorff. Three, he had access to the stuff. And four — hell, they found it on him."

"Not all of it," I began but he cut me off:

"Enough," he said flatly and walked away.

"Well," Bert said, "I guess it just proves all the bad guys don't wear black sombreros." I could have clobbered him.

I got damn little sleep that night. As soon as I hit the pad, everything crowded into my head. I woke up next morning still tired.

And one look out the window and I just wanted to quietly open my veins. A real arctic gale was blowing. I phoned Operations. "We're socked in," the sergeant said. "Nothing's coming or going."

"For how long?"

"Who knows? The last one lasted five days."

I saw the Federal Auto account buried in a snowdrift.

When I broke the news to the others, Mikur flipped. "In fife days I am dead!" he screamed, brandishing a bottle of Scotch.

Bert frowned at the can of film. "What about this stuff we shot yesterday? It still needs some lapidary work and Monday's the target date, y'know."

"Die with that, will you?" I growled. "*I* know."

"Just trying to keep our lens clear, that's all."

"We could pull a neg on it while we're waiting," Mike's assistant said. "The Air Force has a lab here for the aerial photo guys."

It was a chance, anyway. I phoned Operations again. The weather report was unchanged. "OK, let's go," I said, grabbing the film.

The lab was small and cold but when our stuff began to come out it looked great. Contrast, composition — everything. And it was lousy with realism. Mikur was an artist.

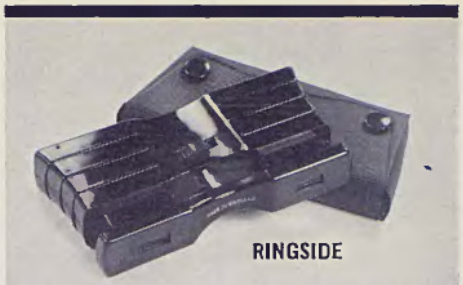
Near the end of the reel I came on some sloppy out-of-focus stuff like nothing he ever shot in his life. The sky, part of the rubber raft, a distant iceberg. In the dark, Mike's assistant chuckled. "That fur-lined DeMille got his licks in, after all."

"Uk Luk?"

"Yeah. He must have shot this when we were all down on the beach chasing the flotsam and jetsam. Mike'll kill him."

There was another shot of the sky. A blurred hand. Somebody opening a can of film. The raft again. Then a —

"Hey, wait a minute," I said. I felt the cameraman tense forward at my



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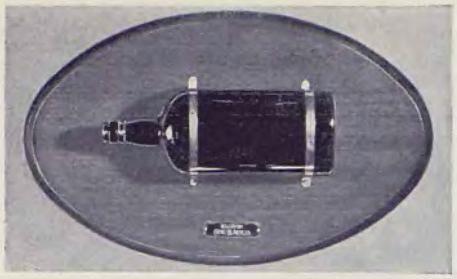

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shoulder. Slowly I reversed the reel. There was the figure opening the can again. "Who the hell would be opening raw film . . . ?"

The cameraman's voice tightened: "That's not film!"

We knocked heads crowding over the reel. I spun it at action speed. The figure — an Eskimo — bent over the can, took the capsules from it, started away — and there was the goddamn raft again.

"Red-handed!" I shouted, pounding the cameraman on the back. "That wonderful Uk Luk! I'll hug him till his blubber bubbles!"

Colonel Nesbitt almost bit through his pipestem when we showed him the film. Even in the negative he recognized the Eskimo Uk Luk had photographed. "Pakoona. Bad actor, been in trouble before. Never should have been assigned to you people in the first place."

"He must have planted that stuff in Ted's shirt as soon as we came back from location," I said. "What was that all about?"

"Red herring. Old Pesdorff picked himself a good finger-man this time." He grabbed up the phone and machine-gunned questions into it. He was grinning when he hung up. "Pakoona's still on the base. With the restrictions and the storm he hasn't had a chance to get into town."

"Going to grab him?"

The Colonel shook his head. "He's our bait now. Soon as the weather lifts, he'll turn the rest of the capsules over to Pesdorff. When Pesdorff tries to take them off the island, *then* we nail him." He had the look of a man who's been waiting a long time.

But we weren't there when he snapped the trap. The storm blew itself out by midafternoon and within an hour we were ready to take off. Two M.P.s, all jazzed up with .45s hustled Ted aboard the plane. He looked very arrested. The Colonel came down with the security major to see us off. Uk Luk was there, too. Out of gratitude, I let him crush a few bones in my hand as we said good-bye. "So long, Joe," he grunted, with that big grin. He was still standing there waving when we roared down the runway.

The minute we got in the air, I broke the news. The place came apart. Even the M.P.s cheered. Everybody crowded around to shake Ted's hand. Mikur kissed him on both cheeks. The script girl began to cry. Bert tapped Ted's chin with his fist. "That's the way to field the hot ones, fellow," he said somberly.

• • •

The clothing salesman choked on his Madison Avenue accent. "A dozen pink shirts, 19 neck, 32 sleeve?" he repeated

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as if he didn't believe it. "Are these for a — *person*, sir?"

"Yes," I said. "Send them to Uk Luk, Norstadhoven, Greenland. And I want them charged to the account of Mr. C. P. Fowler." What the hell, now that he had the Federal Auto account, the Old Man could afford a few shirts for a worthy cause.

I strolled up the avenue to Pipp's. Somehow the familiar faces at the bar looked pale, the familiar New York talk sounded empty and meaningless. I guess after a man has been up in the wilds of the frozen north, the city palls. I guess . . .

Wait a minute, now, I jumped gears. That's the way my TV script will go when you see it on the Federal Auto Playhouse next month. As for me, personally — dad, there never was anybody happier to see New York again. That dirty concrete island looked like paradise. The people were great, the talk was supercharged and when I saw Miss Scotch Tape coming chest first through that door at Pipp's, I knew the long, cold Greenland nights were over. It was great to be back.

PLAYBOY ON POKER

(continued from page 28)

help you, because there is probably something wrong with your head.

In five-card stud, fold immediately unless your *hole-card* is higher than any card you can see. (If high man has to bet and you are high you will have to bet, of course, but get out as soon as possible thereafter.) Note that it is your hole-card that decides your course. In five-stud the hole-card is vital. If you pair it you can hope to win, other things being equal. But this is true only as long as it remains the highest card you can see. If you pair a hole-card you should have folded, you may well lose — and such losses are usually expensive.

After your first up-card in five stud you must play by ear . . . but the principles still apply. Unless you make a pair or catch an ace on the second card you should get out — assuming other players now show cards higher than your hole-card. Certain exceptions will suggest themselves, of course, but it is best to learn the principles of proper play and to conform to them until you are sufficiently expert to recognize legitimate occasions for their breach.

If another player shows a pair, get out, unless you paired, too (and if you paired your hole-card and had a proper call on the first round you will have a higher pair and can be alert for a chance to make an effective raise).

In short, get out as soon as you are beaten on board and must improve to

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win. To stay with a three-flush or a three-straight is madness itself, unless you have other values, e.g., A-K-Q. A straight is dealt in five cards once in 254 times, and a flush is even worse at 1/508.

Seven-card stud presents special problems because it offers seven cards. After buying five or six cards it is often the case that you will have just enough to force you to stay to the end—at which point you will usually lose to a hand that was developing steadily from the beginning. Don't stay in seven-card unless you have a pair, three of a kind, or three cards to a straight or flush. I don't recommend staying on any other holdings, even something as tempting as ace-king in the hole and nine up. Remember that you are looking at three-sevenths of your hand right here. Unless you can see something worth following up it is best to go now.

Having taken a fourth card your hand should have definite possibilities—and I mean possibilities that an unbiased observer would readily concede. Too many poker players proceed with the idea that as long as there's life there's hope. Turn it around. As long as there's hope there's life, and as long as there's life the poor poker players are in there, contributing to another man's prosperity. If your hand has definite possibilities you should naturally play. If not, fold it and forget it. There'll be another one along in a minute.

There is a player for whom none of the foregoing is really relevant—the intuitive "if you get a hunch, bet a bunch" player—and the perfect example in my experience is Nelson Algren. Here, truly, is the man with the golden arm. When he's hot, that is. To win seven out of eight pots in a row is just about par when Algren is hot.

Here he is at the top of his form. We are playing five-card stud. On the third card I show a pair of sixes. He shows a four and a three. I bet. He calls. I figure he's chasing with a small pair. The next round he catches a pair of fours. Naturally I check. *He* checks. Then, on the last card, he gets a three. I retire, babbling incoherently. With one hand he draws in the pot and with the other he generously reveals his 10 in the hole. What happened was that he came on when he had only one card he could pair to beat me (and always assuming I didn't help or didn't have trips backed)—and ended up doing it the hard way with two small pair.

This is, of course, suicidal. But these intuitive players (as opposed to those who simply don't know any better) make their own rules. They are gloriously inconsistent. And before such confidence—and such results!—I yield in awe. Were there many such players around and were they doing this sort of thing very often the game would quickly

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take on a different aspect from the familiar one we all know so well. Such a player is unprotected against the inevitable dry periods. He will get mangled, hand after hand. But there is something beautiful as well as terrifying in watching Algren compulsively ride a hot streak through to the end.

Thus far we have been discussing defensive play. It is necessary to your game, of course, but its function is largely negative. If in the six-man game you can expect to win only once every six deals —and inasmuch as you are bound to lose some expensive hands along the way—it is of the utmost importance that you see to it the ones you do win are fat ones. And so to the second principle: *Build the largest possible pot for the hands you figure to win.*

It is regrettably true that what you figure another player may disfigure — usually some screwball who came to play and bets like there were no tomorrow. But except for that once in a blue moon when he gets red hot and wins everything in sight, this guy is a generous contributor. His presence in the game improves your chances of being a winner, so don't begrudge him his victories. Besides, it won't do any good. His tenacity brings tears to the eyes, and his courage in the face of overpowering superiority is marvelous to behold — or it would be if he weren't forever grimly hanging on and managing to come up with a scrawny little straight — a belly catch on the seventh card — to render your three mighty aces impotent and contemptible. Ah, me!

To build the pots you have a good chance of winning, the greatest need is for *restraint.* And this is just the quality that is lacking in the play of the average player. He is overeager. His aggressiveness scares off the others before they are properly set up for a killing. A premature raise drops the other players because it occurs before their hands have developed sufficiently to commit them in the pot to a degree that practically demands their continued participation. You cannot raise simply because your hand warrants it. You must consider the probable effect of a raise on the other players. For if it drops them it was a bad raise in exact proportion to the strength of your hand. Five men calling each round of betting is much better than one man seeing your raise after the other four have folded. The trick is not to raise but to keep from raising. Once a pot has been raised the other players check to the raiser. As a rule he gets only one raise per hand (except in a very loose game). If he is given a second chance it will be because someone else has a strong hand, too.

So keep them in by just calling. Don't annoy them by raising, soothe them by calling. Save your raise until everyone

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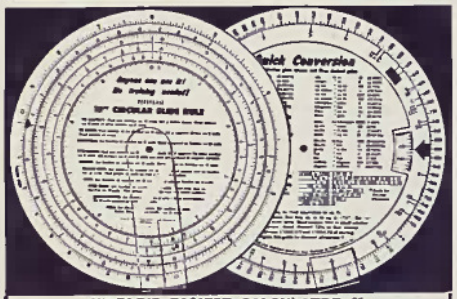

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is committed and the first better is on your left. Then, after the stayers have seen his bet and it is around to you, make your raise. But to raise when the bet is on your immediate right is precipitate.

It is lack of restraint that prevents the poor player from building the pots he wins. He raises like a madman, everyone folds, and he turns his hole-cards and reveals three of a kind backed up. He may feel he is unlucky, but he isn't. He's stupid. Three of a kind figures to win at seven-stud, so there was no need to start pushing so soon. If you have such a holding let them stay in. If the high man is on your right and he checks, you check, too. Let someone on the left bet. And when he does and the bet reaches you, *call*, don't raise. Save that raise until the doubled round (most local rules allow the betting limit to be doubled on an open pair and before and after the last card is dealt). If the round is checked out, don't fret. You've learned something. They're weak, and a bet might have dropped most of them. Now they get a free card and some will improve and be able to stay in.

In draw poker, raise with two pair before the draw, no matter where you sit. You must raise before the draw if you expect to raise at all, because the chances of filling are one in 12, and you are unlikely to be able to raise after the draw. Myself, I haven't filled two pair since 1941 . . . but it's an interesting and important hand and fun to play.

If you hold anything better than two pair do not raise before the draw unless there are already several stayers or unless you are the last man. Be patient! Call the opener. Your raise may fold two or three live ones who would have stayed.

A raise on a four-flush or open-end straight is warranted only if there are four or five stayers in front of you. Given this number of stayers a raise is in order for you will be getting satisfactory money odds and *if* you catch, you figure to have a winner.

It is a fine thing to have a powerhouse, but anyone can have one on any given hand, and the mark of the expert is that he bets it almost diffidently, nursing the hand along, coaxing bets from the stayers, until he has lulled them into a feeling of security . . . and then, at the end, the authoritative raise as a *coup de grâce*.

In five-card stud, with an ace in the hole or a small pair, you must raise at once, no matter where you sit (assuming, of course, that no higher hands show). If you're going to make your ace or pair stand up you've got to give nature an assist. Drive them out—or make them pay to stay. You can't afford to sit there passively, because an ace in the hole or a small pair is no cinch.

If you are raised by a player who is

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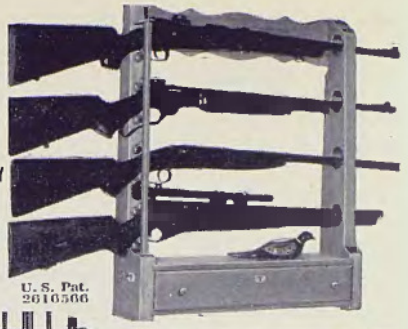

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almost surely weaker than you, resist the impulse to raise him back, unless you feel a re-raise will not hurt your chances of a large pot (and generally this would be the case when there are only the two of you left in the hand). Don't be insulted by the raise and reply in kind. Keep your feelings out of it. You should be analytical and calculating, not hot-headed. Poker is no game for the emotional — which may explain the absence of first-rate women players.

Sand-bagging (i.e., checking and then raising when another man bets) is an excellent pot-builder, provided the bet comes on your left. If the man on your left is one of these "checks are for banks" players who bets as a matter of principle, check to him when you're high, then raise in turn. Sand-bagging has two advantages: it builds a pot and it will make the others more hesitant to bet on those occasions when you have checked a weak hand.

Bluffing is generally unavailing in limit poker, and its chief function is to advertise itself by being discovered. It will help the bluffer find callers on other hands when he is loaded and wants action. Contrary to the belief cherished by many players that they "run" one regularly, very few hands of limit poker are won by bluffs. A player may think he has run one, but if the hands were examined it will usually be found that his was the strongest of all, no matter how weak it may have seemed to him. Bluff just enough to assure callers when you want them.

And these final precepts: Develop a philosophical attitude about the game. Don't let prosperity, boredom, animosity or despair cause you to change your principles of play;

Learn to lose graciously. If you can lose graciously it will be because you understand the game. And if you understand the game you will usually win;

While it is important to master the techniques of correct play, it is just as important to remember that these techniques are in part based on the expectation that the other players are also doing the right thing. In fact this is not always the case, so you cannot sit down with inflexible ideas. You must adapt yourself to the players in your particular game. Observe their methods and habits . . . and then *use* this knowledge. What is sometimes vaguely referred to as "card sense" is often the ability of a man to size up his opponents, to exploit their weaknesses. Their style of play can reveal as much and be as useful as knowing their hole-card.

The outstanding characteristic of a first-rate poker player is that he is perceptive. He is constantly alert. And the rewards — psychological and monetary — are in proportion to his skill.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

Sports car buffs chafing for a zippy old time won't want to miss the 2000-mile competitive run to the Monaco Auto Rally in early January. Good sport for non-drivers, too: the Concours d'Elegance lures lovelies from all over the world to sit in the sun, make witty small talk and look enchanting. Stay on in Monaco for absinthe and skindiving, and skiing just a few hours away in the Alpes Maritimes. Chic, untouristed Beuil up in the mountains is one of our favorite retreats.

If you really move fast, you can still get aboard a 22-day cruise-and-fly junket dubbed "Bachelor Party on the High Seas." Sailing date is December 13 aboard the S.S. Constitution, and you celebrate Christmas in Rome, New Year's Eve in Paris, and a wind-up weekend in London before catching your TWA flight home. Only those blessedly unattached need apply, boys and girls together, with cabin-class ship and tourist air fares pegged at $965 complete.

In Florida, land of the sun and the orange, the fillies (two and four legged) start prancing for the mid-January opening at Hialeah. Should the ponies pall, pile in the Caddy and point its nose down the Ocean Highway to Key West and thence aboard the car ferry to Havana ($96 for you and the bus). The Havana Riviera, opening there December 10, is a pleasure palace Kubla Khan would have envied — with gambling, posh night club, luxurious restaurants, gigantic pool stocked with fetching females. You can also get there by air, of course; a direct five hour flight from Gotham is only $141 round trip.

Should you prefer your sunshine in still more exotic haunts, the African continent is for you. A January 4 departure from New York, first by plane, then river steamer and safari car, will deposit you in the heart of the Congo in a scant two days. Circle through South Africa's cosmopolitan cities, diamond mines and game preserves — then north to Mozambique and Zanzibar, through Kenya, along the slopes of Kilimanjaro and across the Great Rift Valley back into the Congo and the most dazzling sight of all: Lake Kivu. Ethiopia and the crumbling cities of Ancient Egypt are included in the 73-day romp at $3000, all inclusive.

For further information write to Janet Pilgrim, Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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